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Hibiscus

Greeting the tropic Spring
Under a tender sky,
On bright, bewildered wing
Hovers a butterfly.

Two flowers lured him there,
Both breathing of the South,
With sun-entangled hair
And honey-sweetened mouth.

Two flaming beauties both,
And native to the town.
No wonder he is loath
At once to settle down.

Still, many a lad I know
Could warn him, I'm afraid,
The blossom's bound to show
More mercy than the maid.

Flower Girls

Painting by Henry Clive
Verses by Phyllis McGinley

CAPTAIN OWEN PETIT of the fishing sloop "Jeeps" is never one to tell too much about what goes on among the thousands of tiny keys off Florida's gulf coast where many a man, as like as not, is "wanted" somewhere for something. But when the skipper sees a ghost, that's different and right now it's bothering him a lot.

Shall he risk ridicule by reporting it to County officials at Everglades or Key West or just keep mum about the whole amazing business?

"It all began," Petit divulges privately, "when I saw something white waving from a flagpole on Sting Ray Key. Thinking it was a distress signal, we put in at a little cove.

"That's no flag," I said a moment later, "it's a strait-jacket."

"Something out of a mad man's brain it was, too, bobbing clumsily-like in a lazy evening breeze atop a skinned pine pole. My mate, Bob West, was all for getting out of there but I was curious. And ten minutes later, all my questions were answered.

"Out of nowhere came the strangest man I ever saw. Bearded and riotously ragged, he came shuffling clumsily toward us. West reached for his gun but I stopped him for the creature obviously was unarmed and made no threatening gestures.

"I see you chaps are interested in my flag," he said in a voice surprisingly low and cultured.

"What's it all about?" I asked him, "and who are you?"

"Never mind who I am," he said, "just think of me as a hermit fisherman. But the flag, I have to keep it waving night and day to control Zeke. That strait-jacket's the only thing he's afraid of."

"Zeke?" I asked.

"Yep," said the hermit, "Zeke's a crazy ghost and not fit to live with when he has his spells. So I run up the strait-jacket. Then he quiets down. Before Zeke died, he was in an asylum for violent cases and he remembers how uncomfortable one of those vests with the wrap-around sleeves can be. He's afraid I'll strap it on him, see?"

The Crazy Ghost of Sting Ray Key



"Zeke's the Craziest Ghost You Ever Saw," Said the Bearded Hermit. "That's Why I Run Up the Strait-Jacket When He Gets Howling. One Look at That Thing and He Quiets Down."

"West and I looked at each other. Instead of a crazy ghost named Zeke we'd met up with a mad hermit. It was a ticklish and creepy business. I suddenly lost all my curiosity about the eerie key and motioned for West to return with me to the 'Jeeps.' He patted the butt of his pistol for reassurance, I guess. I didn't want any killing, and I told him sharply just that, but anyway we both backed off. "Wait," the hermit said, faintly amused, "I'll show you. Zeke'll be

along here now almost any minute." "We stopped cold," Petit said, "not knowing what to expect and the hermit walked over to the flagpole. He untied the runner lines quickly and lowered the strait-jacket to half-mast."

"Sure enough, out of the darkness a crazy ghost came zooming, shrieking like a delighted idiot. I was never so scared in all my life."

"The apparition soared over the palms like a soft white tropical milk

cloud being churned in a storm. It wasn't so bad to look at but the unearthly noises it made set our teeth chattering.

"See," cried the hermit, highly pleased, "Zeke thinks I'm taking down the strait-jacket so he's coming out to scream all night. Watch how I drive him away."

With that the old codger quickly jerked the drooping garment back to the top of the pole. Zeke quit howling and floated back into the jungle. Then the hermit dropped the strait-jacket and Zeke came wailing back. "Let's get away from here," I said to West and we rowed out to the 'Jeeps' and sailed away. In the gathering darkness we could still see the hermit standing by the flagpole raising and lowering his strange standard. And floating out across the water came Zeke's cries of rage and laughter."

Are You a Cannibal?

one nibble of a chop or a steak in the past 62 years.

Only recently the sharp-tongued, red-boarded writer flew off the handle when reports appeared in the London press that because of ailing health he was taking liver extract.

"These rumors are constantly recurring and I think I know the reason," Shaw bellowed to reporters. "Meat-eaters are inwardly ashamed of their vice and

they would like the opportunity of justifying themselves by saying that vegetarianism has failed me towards the end of a long life, and that I have been obliged to turn to meat."

Vitriolic Shaw, whom H. G. Wells once accused of "cheating" by taking liver extract and tossing it off as "those chemicals," is as proud of his record as a vegetarian as he is of his niche in contemporary literature. For Wells, and others who like to "pull

his leg," Shaw has only contempt.

Because of his views he has been the butt of many stories. One of the most often-told tales is about the actress Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who, exasperated at a rehearsal of one of Shaw's plays, shouted:

"Shaw, some day you'll eat a pork chop, and then God help all women!"

Eavesdropping Is a Science

UNCLE SAM has become the world's biggest "eavesdropper." He listens to every radio station, big and little, in every corner of the globe. A staff of bilingual experts, constantly glued to ear-phones, take down everything that foreign broadcasters say.

In modern war, where propaganda plays such a major role, it is important to know what the enemy is saying as soon as he says it. Often, too, foreign radio stations spill vital military information and give clues to conditions on the home front.

Everything that is monitored is analyzed and channeled to 19 different United States war agencies. Information is swapped with the British who operate a similar eavesdropping service.



Sharp-Tongued George Bernard Shaw Says That All of Us Who Eat Meat Are Inwardly Ashamed of Our "Vice" and Only a Jump Ahead of Cannibals.

IF YOU eat meat (assuming you've got the points and the money) are you a cannibal? George Bernard Shaw says you are. The 87-year-old British playwright, a lifelong advocate of vegetarianism, caustically regards all meat-eaters as cannibalistic and only one jump ahead of their jungle brethren.

Author Shaw swore off all meat in 1881 (at the age of 25), and, if you accept his word for it, he hasn't taken



Uncle Sam Is the World's Biggest Eavesdropper and He Doesn't Miss a Word Our Enemies Put on the Air Waves.

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have More Beautiful Skin in 14 Days!

14-Day Palmolive Plan tested on 1285 Women with all types of skin

READ THIS TRUE STORY of what the Proved 14-Day Palmolive Plan did for Mary Hensley, Los Angeles, Calif.



"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look. So I said 'yes' quick when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women all over the U.S.A. My group reported to a Los Angeles skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some 'average.' After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.



"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—massage your clean face with that lovely, soft Palmolive beauty-lather . . . just like a cream. Do this for a full 60 seconds. This massage extracts the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather for your skin. Then rinse and dry. That's all!



"After 14 days, I went back to my doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My skin was fresher, smoother, cleaner! Later I learned many skin improvements had been observed by all the 36 examining doctors. Actually 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women got see-able, feel-able results. So the 14-Day Palmolive Plan is now my beauty plan for life!"

YOU, TOO, CAN LOOK FOR THESE BEAUTY RESULTS IN ONLY 14 DAYS!

- Brighter, cleaner skin
- Finer texture
- Fewer blemishes
- Less dryness
- Less oiliness
- Smoother skin
- Better tone
- Fresher, clearer color

(This list is from the reports of the 36 examining doctors!)



No other soap offers PROOF of such results!

"It's not me who's a whiz at washin'...it's Super Suds'

EXTRA SUDS!"

"So much more, longer-lastin' suds can make anybody a washin' expert," says Mrs. Dorothy Barnett



"MY OLD SOAP WAS REAL LIGHT ON SUDS. WHAT THERE WAS FIZZLED OUT FAST, TOO."



"NEW SUPER SUDS SURE OUT-SUOSED ANYTHING I EVER SAW...AND SUCH LONG-LASTIN' SUDS!"



"NO BIG UNDISSOLVED PIECES HERE. ALL OF SUPER SUDS SEEMS TO MAKE SUDS. MEANS I GET MORE WASHINGS PER BOX."

"MY NEIGHBOR, Mrs. Lillian Charles, knows my washin' is no picnic, because I've got three frisky boys to wash for. That's what made her remark on my gettin' the wash on the line so early one day last summer. I gave all the credit where credit was due—to ALL THOSE EXTRA-RICH, LONG-LASTIN' SUDS I get from new, sudsier-than-ever Super Suds. I've been using it ever since."

Super Suds

Super Suds

FLOODS O' SUDS FOR DISHES AND DUDS

PROVE IT! Make the "milk-bottle suds test"

Shake up two teaspoons of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water—even hard or cool water—in a milk-bottle. Do the same with Super Suds in another bottle. See if you don't get more suds, longer-lasting suds, from Super Suds.

DON'T WASTE SOAP! Vital materials needed to win the war are used in making soap



The Little Cocker Spaniel Takes Hurdles on Command and Gets Himself Into the WAGS—Where Canine Bulk Often Is a Hindrance, and an Ounce of Obedience Is Worth a Pound of Plain Cur.

By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW
Noted Short Story Writer

LOOK out, you police dogs and Great Danes! The little dog is going to war.

The War Department hasn't got down to the toy brackets yet, but a call has gone out for cockers, springers and basset hounds, so who knows? The Peles, Poms and Bostonians may be called next.

And why not?—at least if the dogs in the K-9 Corps are to be rated on courage rather than size.

As an incurable Pomeranian owner myself, I can attest that these tiny bunches of fur have the hearts of lions.

What is more, they're smart. As any old-time detective will tell you, a burglar would rather burgle a house with a Great Dane for a pet than one where the resident dog is one of these pint-size bundles of barks and belligerency.

What the War Department is going to do with the cocker spaniels and basset hounds is strictly a military secret. As a preliminary, Dogs for Defense, a civilian organization mustering dogs for the Army, recently issued a call for 500 cockers.

Cockers not only are smart retrievers, but swim so well they're practically amphibious. And a basset hound will go down a hole after anything smaller than a tiger, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred, bring it out alive.

Maybe you can figure out from that what the new class of dogs is going to do. Personally, I wouldn't even try.

Larger dogs have gone through severe training and hundreds of them are making fine fighters. But, up until now, only really large dogs have been accepted. These dogs had to be 20 inches high at the shoulder and weigh more than 50 pounds. Cockers and basset hounds may weigh as little as 20 pounds.

Dogs in the K-9 Corps are assigned to important war duties, and have saved the lives of many soldiers. On sentry duty, a man and a trained sentry dog are considered equal to six men. Using dogs as messengers, they replace soldiers in innumerable cases. They can be taught to locate hidden enemies and machine guns. Specially trained casualty dogs aid the Medical Corps and the Red Cross in locating wounded soldiers. And because of their gifts of smell, sight and hearing, dogs can detect the enemy before humans can find them.

William P. Holzman, employed by the Government as the director of training and head of the training department for dogs at Fort Robinson, is enthusiastic over the order for small dogs.

"Small dogs are just as intelligent

as larger ones," he told me. "It's easy enough to test a dog as to ability. When we see he has that, we can train a small dog as easily as a large one."

"He is just as smart, just as loyal, just as eager to work. And in addition, he is much easier to transport. He eats much less. Special food doesn't have to be carried for him—he can eat in the field kitchen. And he offers a smaller target. He also can go places where a big dog can't go."

Dogs for Defense has enlisted 1,500 dogs per month since last January. And there is a plan now to send 100 fully trained dogs with every Combat Division.

Dr. Arthur Frederick Jones, editor of the American Kennel Gazette, says: "Small dogs will give warning quicker than larger ones. They are invaluable where quickness and keenness is needed."

Dr. A. Maurice Stark, prominent New York veterinarian, also believes that small dogs would be the most valuable in modern warfare.

Make Way for the LITTLE Military Mutts!



Caesar, a Big War Dog Wounded on Bougainville, Goes to the Hospital in a Stretcher.



A Big WAG in Training to Become a Messenger, One of the Many Duties Performed by Our Canine Soldiers.

the sacred dog of the Imperial Palace in Peking. Until the Boxer Rebellion it was unlawful to take one of these dogs out of China.

The tiny Chihuahuas lived with the Aztec Indians centuries ago, and justified their existence by their bravery, acting as watchdogs and accompanying their masters on hunting expeditions—and on fighting forays, too.

The little dog already has justified his existence a million times. Virtually every day the newspapers tell stories of their bravery. How he saved a family—or a whole apartment building of people—from burning to death. Or

how he attacked a burglar or guarded a child. Each of us knows some story showing the bravery of a small dog.

Most of us who live in cities adopt small dogs just because they are small. They can be exercised in a room instead of needing a ten-mile walk. They need only a saucerful of meat, instead of several pounds.

But it takes years of knowing small dogs to realize that they have, inside their tiny bodies, so much love, loyalty and courage.

No wonder the small dog is going into our armed forces! And he'll make good. We know that, too. After all, Napoleon was little.

"Size is no deterrent," he said. "Small dogs have a fine mental capacity. They have stamina and speed, and are the most adaptable, as shown by the fact that they are excellent as hunting dogs and as companions, too."

Proof of the intelligence of pint-size pooches has been furnished in obedience tests. Georgia Betty, a Pomeranian owned by Mrs. C. K. Corbin of Summit, N. J., took high obedience honors at an official show, passing every test that could be passed by the smartest police dog.

The Pekinese is descended from the Lion Dog of ancient China. He was



The Wedding of Gargantua as it Should Have, But Didn't, Look.

Matrimonial Flop of the Circus Boss

Just Like His Gorilla's

HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!
Mr. & Mrs. John Ringling North
invite you
to attend the wedding
of their simian proteges,
Gargantua & Toto
FULL DRESS OR
FULL ARMOR REQUIRED
R.S.V.P.

INTOXICATED by the fabled delights of the honeymoon, newlyweds often feel the urge to spread romance among other, more humdrum residents of this planet.

"Gosh!" they say to each other poetically, "It just doesn't seem right for us to hoard all this happiness, does it, sweets?"

They would like to put up bliss in capsule form and feed it to everybody, like vitamins.

But as that is, as yet, scientifically not quite possible, they do the best they can by promoting entangling alliances among fellow guests at resorts where they are stopping.

John Ringling North, the big circus man, seems to have enjoyed one of these rare seizures of humanitarianism early in 1940, while he was honeymooning in Havana with Germaine Aussey, Parisian film star.

The beneficiary of his feelings was not, however, a fellow guest, or, indeed, a fellow human being.

It was Gargantua, the gorilla, one of the chief attractions of the Ringling Bros. circus.

The idea of revelling selfishly in matrimony while Gargantua pined away in bachelorhood became so insupportable to Mr. North that at length he said to his wife:

"Bye, darling. Gotta see a woman about a gorilla."

And off he went to call on Mrs. Augusta Maria Hoyt, owner of a fetching female ape named Toto.

The American circus-going public soon afterward was thrilled to learn the results of this interview.

Love, it was announced—or at least a mate—was coming to Gargantua. He was to be turned overnight from a terrifying single freak into a model of anthropoid domesticity.

Toto, who'd been bought from Mrs. Hoyt, was going to keep house for him.

So Mr. and Mrs. Gargantua and Mr. and Mrs. North set sail at about the same time on the treacherous seas of marriage.

Now, three years later, news has leaked out that both couples have encountered heavy going.

Both are in a state of suspended litigation.

Mr. and Mrs. North split up some months ago, signing an agreement that Germaine was to receive \$400 a month alimony; and she is currently debating whether to try to divorce him in Florida.

It appears that she got fed up with the circus.

"We spent seven months of the year on the road," she says.

With staying up late:

"I like to live by the sun, Mr. North by the moon."

And with his relatives:

"Our home was more of a circus than a home. We never sat down to dinner with fewer than seven people and more often it was ten to twenty.



John Ringling North, Circus Showman, Looks at a Picture of Gargantua, Who Gave Him That Banged Up Hand After Being Given a Bride.

I was a stranger in my own house." Judging from the testimony in a recent trial before the U. S. Customs Court, Toto, too, must have felt like a stranger in her husband's house.

The occasion of the trial was the Government's claim, presented by Attorney Frank E. Carstarphen, that, in bringing Mrs. Gargantua into the country, the Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows, Inc., had paid duty of only \$150, whereas they should have paid \$6,562.

The circus people retorted that \$8,750, the price at which Toto had been bought and which the government used in arriving at its estimate, did not represent her true value "since one of the main reasons for the purchase was to use her for breeding purposes."

As a consequence, they felt that either the snap value of \$1000, which one of their employees had placed on her when she reached these shores, or for that matter, no value at all, would be closer to the realities of the situation.

In the midst of the claims and counter-claims a few remarks were dropped about the match itself.

It was indicated bluntly that so far Gargantua and Toto haven't been hitting it off at all.

Even their wedding was a flop.

Arriving in Sarasota to attend the ceremony, Mrs. Hoyt, who had captured Toto in the Congo when she (Toto) was a wee 8-pounder, took one look at Gargantua—a very hard-boiled proposition—and cried in effect:

"Don't let him touch my pet!"

Toto now tips the scales at around 400, which is a lot of pet.

Anyhow, it was judged that Mrs. Hoyt's fears of possible mayhem were not wholly groundless, so, instead of being exposed to Gargantua's stupendous embraces, his bride was given a cage of her own.

Thus, Mr. and Mrs. Gargantua's relationship assumed a Platonic cast at the start and has retained it to the present.

Now, on the theory that they have grown sufficiently used to each other to be able to stand closer association, they have been put into the same cage—but with bars between.

Latest reports have them spending most of their time swapping simian grimaces.

Experts are in a huddle now trying to interpret these expressions.

If it is decided that Gargantua's indicate a growing romanticism, Toto's a certain coyness, Plato will be tossed out the window and the bars removed.

Otherwise, Toto may follow Mrs. North's example, consult a lawyer and possibly seek matrimonial relief in the courts.

An annulment would seem to be the proper procedure in her case, however, rather than a divorce.



Germaine Aussey North, Ex-Film Star Wife of the Circus Man, Says Her Home Was More of a Circus Than a Home.



"He didn't know me!"



"This happens every time I'm able to buy meat."



"I'm coming back here —if I can get the lipstick concession."



"Dis is True Crime Stories."

Brother
Guardsmen,
Rivals in Love,
the Duke of
Rutland and the
Earl of Euston
Are Both Hoping
Their Cupids'
Arrows Will
Pierce Princess
Elizabeth's Heart

Charles Manners,
10th Duke of
Rutland, Who,
Court Gossips
Say, May Wed the
Princess.



Husband Hunting for Princess Elizabeth

RUMORS of royal romance are in the London air. The present object of discussion is Princess Elizabeth, heiress apparent to the British Throne.

This April 2, Elizabeth will pass from girlhood into legal womanhood.

She will be 18 years old then and eligible for marriage.

And the possibility that she will soon be married has neither been unforeseen nor unprepared for.

During the past months Princess Elizabeth has been meeting various young men at Sunday afternoon teas, intimate evenings-at-home and private film parties.

What with the world in its present disturbed state, there has been some trouble in finding a young man who would qualify as consort.

Best prospects are found in the British aristocracy. Even here, though, certain rigid prerequisites of birth, religious and political affiliations, age and character bar many from consideration.

Yet, despite all difficulties, the sifting process has gone on.

Now, court circles declare, the choice of candidates has been narrowed down to two.

Both are English noblemen of ancient lineage, the Duke of Rutland and the Earl of Euston.

Each is 24 years old and handsome. And, they belong to the same regiment, the crack Grenadier Guards.

You may think it might be hard to tell such a couple apart, let alone arrive at a satisfactory decision as to which might make the better husband.

Yet court gossips insist that Princess Elizabeth has shown a marked preference for Charles Manners, the Duke of Rutland.

Indeed, it's asserted that the two will wed before the year is out.

It might be said at this point that, while the Princess's fancies may be schooled and restricted, the ultimate choice of mate rests solely with her. There are pressures galore, but no law, regulating her behavior in affairs of the heart.

She could, if she likes, even marry a commoner, though with the sobering example of her Uncle Edward fresh in mind, there is little chance that she will.

Now even that little seems to have been lessened, thanks to the charms of the Duke of Rutland.

Hampered as their relations are by protocol and precedent, it is reasonable to suppose that both the Duke and Princess have more than once turned for guidance to the career of her illustrious prototype, Queen Victoria.

If so, they must have found the story of the latter's courtship by Prince Albert, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, rewarding reading.

Even as Rutland has been displayed before Elizabeth, so too was Albert displayed before Victoria, who found his "beauty most striking."

Coming down with a bad case of love, five days after exposure, she took her suitor aside and remarked that he must, of course, realize why he had been invited to visit her.

In her position, she went on, she had been Queen for two years, but was not much older than Elizabeth is (now) she could not accept addresses. She must pay them.

Then, dispensing with further beating about the bush, she told him that it would make her only too happy if he would consent to marry her, which he gallantly did. They embraced, and Albert showed himself, in her words, to be "so kind and affectionate."

The man now said to have been elected to play Albert's somewhat passive role, is the tenth of his line to bear the proud title of Duke of Rutland.



Princess Elizabeth, Heiress Apparent to the British Throne, Who, on Her Approaching 18th Birthday, Will Become the World's Richest Matrimonial Prize.

Born May 28th, 1919, he is, besides being a Duke, also Earl of Rutland, Marquis of Granby, Baron Manners of Haddon and Baron Roos of Belvoir.

He succeeded his father, the ninth duke, in 1940, and now owns Belvoir Castle with its world famous art collection, the noted Haddon Hall in Derbyshire, a London town house in swank Audley Square and 18,000 acres of choice mineral land in Derby and Leicester Counties.

His chief, if not only rival, six-foot, red-headed Hugh Fitzroy, is only an Earl now, but on the death of his

father will succeed to the dukedom of Grafton.

Those who count him out of the running may be making a mistake for, in addition to his other notable qualifications, he is also a captain in the Grenadier Guards, whereas Rutland is only a lieutenant.

So what is there to prevent him from simply ordering his subordinate to cease his attentions to Princess Elizabeth?

With her 18th birthday only a short way off, Princess Elizabeth still stands, so to speak, in the shadows of the wings of the world's stage, on which she will some day play so important a part.

Her father and mother have taken every precaution to make sure that she hasn't been spoiled by premature limelight.

But they haven't exactly raised her as a hothouse plant, protected from the rough winds of the outer world. On the contrary, they have made a special effort to see that her upbringing has been quite similar to that of any other well-bred English girl, so that she would develop into a normal, well-balanced and healthy young woman and thus have the best chance of happiness.

One of the Princess's favorite subjects is music. She plays well, often duets with Princess Margaret, on two pianos; and the royal sisters are also both fond of dancing.

Princess Elizabeth is also a good horsewoman and frequently enjoys a canter in the park with her father.

Prominent among her activities has been her work with the Buckingham Palace Company of Girl Guides. She has joined in many of the Guides' programs, learning first aid and helping in various ways to raise money for war charities.

At the same time, under the wise guidance of her parents, she has been trained along lines that have given her a gradual awareness of the responsibilities that await her and the problems she will perhaps some day have to face as Queen of England.

High Hat for HAMBURGER!

SWEDISH MEAT RING

Serves 4-6

1 lb. hamburger
2 tbsps. chopped onion
1 cup grated raw carrots
2 tbsps. Crisco 1 beaten egg
1/2 tsp. mace (optional)
1 tsp. salt 1/4 tsp. pepper
1 recipe biscuit dough

Brown hamburger, onions and carrots in 2 tbsps. hot digestible Crisco; add beaten egg, mace, salt and pepper. Cool. Make biscuit dough. (Use Crisco and your biscuit will be light and flaky—easy to digest!) Roll out 1/4 inch thick. Spread with meat. Roll up like a jelly roll. Bring both ends together and transfer ring to baking sheet. With scissors, cut half way through ring at intervals of an inch. Brush with milk. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 30 min. Fill center with green peas and serve with *Crisco Bouillon Gravy*. Melt 3 tbsps. Crisco; blend in 3 tbsps. flour. Add 1 1/2 cups bouillon (dissolve 2 cubes in water). Cook till thickened. All Measurements Level.



Crisco
9 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS SAY:
"It's Digestible!"



Made with CRISCO, these Hearty Main Dishes are as EASY on DIGESTIONS as on RATION POINTS!

Trust Crisco to turn humble hamburger into delicious, digestible main dishes fit for a king!

Take that Beef and Bologna Roll! The easy-digesting Crisco pie crust fairly melts in your mouth. And those Double-Deckers will be double-delicious—digestible even for children—when the patties are Crisco-fried!

Pure, all-vegetable Crisco does more for your cooking than any other shortening. Use it for baking, frying—to make all your cooking better-tasting—digestible!



DOUBLE-DECKER DANDIES

Pat seasoned hamburger into thin patties. Allow two for each serving. Fry quickly in skillet containing enough hot Crisco to cover bottom. (Digestible Crisco is different from ordinary frying fats. There's no heavy smoke or smell—no off-taste to the food. You can strain and re-use the same Crisco over and over.) To serve, put patties together with creamed carrots and peas. To

make cream sauce, blend 2 tbsps. flour into 2 tbsps. melted Crisco. Stir in 1 cup milk. Cook till thickened. Season to taste. Serve Double-Decker Dandies on platter with golden-brown pan-fried raw potatoes: Cut potatoes in strips as for French fries. Fry in 3 to 4 tbsps. hot Crisco. Crisp, brown Crisco-fried foods are so digestible even children may eat 'em! All Measurements Level.

"Hardboiled? Him?"



Don't you believe it!"

"What hard-boiled husband would tramp half way across town to get that special coffee cake I adore so for Sunday breakfast?"

"Would a really tough guy take time out now and then—just to grab my hands and kiss them?"

"Yes—gruff as he seems to others, in private he fairly raves about my pretty hands! And I'm keeping them nice, you can bet!"

"Remember when my hands used to be so awful red 'n' rough? That was before I found out that Ivory's 'velvet suds' do dishes just as fast as that strong washday soap I was using!"

"And only 12 days after I changed to Ivory Soap my hands were softer, smoother, whiter! Guess that's because Ivory is so pure and mild. It's baby's beauty soap—on Doctor's advice!"

"Me for Ivory forever! Ivory for all your dishes costs only about 1¢ a day! If you've been ruining your hands with strong soaps... see what a difference Ivory can make... in

12 Days!"

P.S. for U.S.: Soaps use vital war materials. Save soap to help win the war. SAVE EVERY SLIVER—use 'em up in a wire shaker! 99⁴⁴/100% pure...It floats.

Childhood Tragedies—by Percy Crosby The Distinguished Creator of Skippy



"Dear Lord, please make Mama and Papa stop fightin' 'cause it's hard to take sides when you love them both, an' besides, I'm ashamed to face the kids."

"Take a Look at This Picture—and Talk Things Over With Your Wife," Lawyer Fischer Advises His Clients, and Tiptoes From the Room. "You Can Cancel the Divorce," Nine Times Out of Ten the Woman Sobs Happily From Her Husband's Arms When He Returns.

THERE'S a lawyer with a magic talisman in the Wisconsin city of Shawano. It has helped him to lose—not to win—scores of cases. Yet he counts these "lost" cases among his proudest legal victories.

For with the aid of the talisman, he has become a mender of wrecked romances, a restorer of shattered homes and a guide and counsellor to distracted parents bent on breaking their marital ties.

His name is Robert H. Fischer. For nearly nine years he has halted warring couples plunging toward divorce and started them back to contentment and happiness.

And for his success he gives full credit to the talisman. Nor does he make any secret of its workings. It is no ancient stone engraved with cryptic symbols. It is a cover page of The American Weekly of March 24, 1935.

It's a dramatic Percy Crosby drawing, titled, "Childhood Tragedies." It shows a little boy kneeling by his bed, head bowed, hands clasped in prayer. From his worried heart he is pouring forth this earnest appeal:

"Dear Lord, please make Mama and Papa stop fightin', 'cause it's hard to take sides when you love them both, an' besides I'm ashamed to face the kids."

Above the bed in a narrow frame are the ageless words of the poet, Payne:

"Be it ever so humble
There's no place like home."

"When I first saw that drawing," said Mr. Fischer recently, "I felt as though a good angel had put into my hands the means to save thousands of homesteads from going on the marital rocks."

"For here was a picture that spoke directly to the hearts of every mother

and father. Before, in guiding clients away from divorce, I could only describe in words the devastating consequences of breaking up a home, of the injury it would work on the children and the sorrows it would bring on themselves.

"But this picture in The American Weekly told more than 10,000 words."

Attorney Fischer recalls the first case in which he used the drawing.

The feuding couple had married very young. The wife phoned first, reciting grievances. Her husband didn't give her enough money. He flirted. He drank. To cap the climax, he slapped her during a cocktail party.

Apparently, she had grounds for a decree, under Wisconsin law, which permits divorce for cruelty, mental or physical. But Fischer doubted that she hated her husband.

"You have a child, haven't you?" he said.

"Yes," she responded, "a boy of six."

"Does your husband abuse him?"

"No-o," she said. "Tom isn't a bad father. But I wouldn't live with him



another day if we had ten children." "Well," said the lawyer, "come to my office."

Then he phoned the husband. "So?" said that gentleman. "Well, let her have a divorce."

With some trouble, Mr. Fischer got his promise to come to his office, too.

The wife arrived first. Bitterly, she discoursed upon her wrongs. "I know," said the lawyer. "But there's the boy. How about him?"

He told the wife how children often are chief sufferers from divorce. Who would look after little Jackie while she was working? And suppose she

became ill? Or died? What then? She weakened, but she was still certain she wanted to go to court.

Presently, the husband arrived. Taking him into another room, Mr. Fischer drew out his story.

It seemed his wife was extravagant. She was always having people in for parties. Yes, he'd slapped her, but only because she upbraided him in front of friends.

"How about your boy?" asked the lawyer.

"Yeah," said the husband. "He's a swell kid. But I guess the courts would let us divide custody."

The lawyer told him courts didn't always do that. Even, if they did, it was pretty hard on youngsters.

When he saw the husband was thinking that over, he went on, "Look, Mr. Smith! Your wife is in the next room. I suggest you go in there and talk things over with her."

"Another thing. I ran across a very interesting picture. It was so interesting that I preserved it. You'll find it in the office where your wife is."

"Think of everything I've said. Then take a long look at the picture. If you and your wife still want a divorce after that, I'll file suit."

Then he left the couple alone—with the picture of the little boy on his knees beside the bed—praying for his parents to "stop fightin'."

He left them alone for ten minutes. Presently he judged he could safely enter the room.

He was right. The cover page had done its work.

"We get it, Mr. Fischer," said the man, with an effort. "You can scratch that divorce."

Since that day, the lawyer has used the picture with success in more than 500 cases.

A firm believer in the sanctity of marriage and a vigorous opponent of all efforts to further liberalize divorce laws, Mr. Fischer would like to see the magic drawing from The American Weekly in every lawyer's office and in every judge's chambers.

"As it is," he said recently, "I'd bet money that drawing headed off an awful lot of divorces—just by being published where it was."

"The trouble is that people don't stop to think about kids. But, they think when they look at that picture."



Robert H. Fischer Is One Lawyer Who Never Tries a Divorce Case Until He Uses His Magic Picture First. It Has Reconciled Hundreds of Warring Couples.

Mending Marriages with a Magic Picture

The Bitter Agony of a Child Who Never Existed Has Kept Many Real Hearts From Breaking

Watch Your Sighs You MAY Be Nuts!



The Normal Spirogram, or "Breathing Pattern," Should Show About Five Sighs—Marked X—In Six Minutes.

By GOBIND BEHARI LAL
Famous Science Analyst

HOW fast you breathe, how deeply you sigh, and the wiggles and wobbles in your respiratory rate, are being used by psychiatrists to tell whether you're nuts or normal, consistent or crazy, loco or logical. The sigh of love, truly, is no poetic myth.

When writers tell of sighs of sorrow, fear, love or the other emotions they are shooting close to the mark, according to the most recent medical findings.

Since many queer behaviors of the mind and respiration are linked with the emotions, it is logical that the way you breathe and the way you sigh is aligned with the way your mind is working.

The new advance in medicine is that physicians seem to be able to help untangle, just a bit, the mental snarls and quirks and discover what they mean.

Recently the American Journal of Psychiatry had an unusual report on spirograms, the doctor's term for the patterns of respiration. Dr. J. E. Finesinger of Harvard Medical School found that how—and how often—you sigh is an index of your mental state.

For some years, doctors have been exploring the mind by studying the brain waves, recorded patterns of electrical energy created in the mind. Not only have brain waves revealed patterns indicating insanity, but they have also found certain brain waves that foretell diseases like epilepsy.

The Army has been observing brain waves, too, to help decide which aviation candidates will make the best pilots.

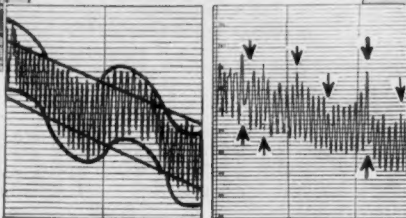
Everyone sighs sometimes. In fact, it's normal to sigh about five times in six minutes.

When it's time to worry is when you sigh more than once a minute.

Doctors now know that breathing isn't just a body process that gets air into your lungs. They know breathing and respiration patterns are indicative of acts of the mind.

The fabulous Middle Ages are famed for many strange happenings, but nothing more queer than the mass epidemics of barking which attacked thousands.

Doctors now know that these barking epidemics were mass hysteria.



Irregularities in Breathing Have a Wide Range in Persons Suffering From Hysteria. These Variations (Arrows), Not as Deep as Sighs, Also Figure in Mental Score.



Are You Always on Edge for Fear the Boss Is Going to Explode? Then There'll Be Tell-Tale Worry Wobbles in the Way You Breathe.

Along with the barking, queer breathing accompanying the hysteria produced guttural sounds that seemed like medieval double talk. This was the famous "speaking with tongues."

Even today, in certain evangelistic sects, a rousing revival meeting will find the audience "speaking in tongues."

Mass hysteria is not prevalent today in most parts of the world, although the fall of France saw a mass panic. Yet individual hysteria is not rare and may land the victim in a sanitarium.

Hysteria is only one form of what doctors call anxiety neurosis. Dr.

Victims of the Barking Mania of the Middle Ages Might Have Been Saved If Doctors Had Understood the Respiratory Signs of Madness.

Finesinger has found that people with such neuroses often sigh 21 times in 6 minutes, 4 times the normal rate.

The sighers of the bid dread.

The worrier worries about his finances, his love affairs, his diet, his health, his job.

If his boss tells him he is doing fine work, the worrier will shift his fears to something else.

The battle of the doctor or the psychiatrist is therefore never-ending. The way to solve fears and anxiety is to remove the underlying fear. But, as this is solved, the person with an anxiety neurosis shifts his fears to something else.

Fears of anxiety neurosis are more likely to become pathological than are other emotions.

The way to keep the emotions from becoming pathological is to adjust the situation which brings the emotion conflict about.

Rage and anger can be appeased by getting mad and hitting someone or something, or cussing, or flying off the handle in devious ways.

Sorrow can be appeased by tears. Love can be solved by loving someone or something else.

But fear presents no such adjustment. Every running away to a temporary adjustment merely puts off solution.

Every time you make NO adjustment to solve your fears, or strike a solution that is NOT final you merely leave yourself in a state of mental tension.

In the extreme state you may wind up with an anxiety neurosis where

you will worry and fear everything.

By studying respiration curves Dr. Finesinger is able to find characteristic signs and wiggles which were special breathing "finger prints" of schizophrenics. Schizophrenics are mental cases where the patient withdraws himself into the world of his own mind.

With other people, schizophrenics are likely to be loud, awkward and out of step with the normal harmony of the situation. Or there may be evidence of bizarre thinking, delusions of grandeur (I'm Napoleon), and eccentric traits.

Hallucinations are another trait of schizophrenics.

Sighing, Dr. Finesinger finds, isn't an easy way to tell a schizophrenic when you see one, for they sigh not much more often than normal people.

But by a study of their respiration curves a scientist can detect these mental cases.

Further, the studies of spirograms may reveal the hidden meaning of "emotional" types of breathing which doctors long have recognized.

Shortness of breath, a panting, shallow type of respiration is often caused by some true illness of the body. But it can also be caused by the mind.

Doctors have known for years that a feeling of "weight on the chest" was often a symbolic way the patient uses to say subconsciously, "I've got a load on my mind."

The automatic, seldom-noticed process of breathing not only keeps you alive but it now is a tell-tale warning signal to the doctor.

Portrayal of a Man Suffering From Fits of Extreme Terror and Hysteria. Such a Man Will Sigh 21 Times in Six Minutes.

THE PEACEMAKERS!...



Yes — even with their bellies stuffed with bombs and their noses spitting death — they are the Peacemakers.

Peacemakers, first, because warplanes are a mighty force in winning the final victory in battle without which there can be no peace.

And Peacemakers, too, because the very building of these planes has endowed our country with the production power upon which a lasting peace can be built. A greater wealth of machinery, ideas, materials, methods and skilled workers than ever existed before.

When war ends, this new producing might will remain. From it will come more and better jobs — more and better things to live with — than anyone could have dreamed a few short years ago:

* * *

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Tempted, Trained and Tricked 'Em Into Crime

The Hunchback Fagin Pulled a Fast One on
His \$200,000 Pupils—and They Made
the Double-Cross Triple

Fallently Pelka
Drilled His Girls in
the Fine Art of Fool-
ing Cashiers, Then
Watched Them Make
Their First Haul to
See That He Got
All of It.



Still Disguised as War Workers,
in the Chicago Police Line-Up,
Pelka's Pay-Check Fakin' Mammas
Told All.

HOW many girls he snared and how many checks they passed for him isn't known yet, but already police have found six graduates of the hunchback Fagin's crime school, and the checks so far add up to the total of \$200,000.

And if Walter Pelka, with his hump framing his head like a dwarf in a Dickens novel, hadn't made one last fatal greedy double-cross, he and who knows how many girls might still be "paper hanging" Chicago's banks and currency exchanges for hundreds of thousands more.

Certainly no master criminal outside of fiction had a neater opportunity than did Pelka. The average forger has to steal his blank checks from a bank or have them printed. Pelka printed his own, in his own print shop, as the police tell it. The average forger has to "hang" his own bad paper; he can't afford accomplices. Pelka's helpers cost him almost nothing, he thought.

Certainly it was easy to recruit the help. All Pelka had to do was hang around South Side cocktail lounges and buy a few drinks for likely looking girls.

It was no trouble to spot them. They would be young, not too prosperous-seeming and, especially, they would come in pairs. That meant there were no steady boy friends to interfere, and it meant they would probably have nerve—girls in pairs do, somehow.

Then, if it developed that they were from out of town and that they worked now and then as waitresses, Pelka's bitter, twisted brain knew the prospects were really live ones. Plenty of splendid women work regularly as waitresses, plenty of them occasionally. But the typical nomadic "soup jockey"—well, girls on the loose say it's the easiest way to get around the country. You walk into a restaurant, hang up your hat and go to work—no references, no investigations, no delays. BUT meals. AND tips.



The Little
Crime
Master,
Walter
Pelka, Who
Worked
Up a Fine
Racket,
Then
Wrecked
It With
His Greed.

Incidentally, in these days when the tide of juvenile delinquency is mounting so rapidly, it is worthy of note that all six of the girls whom Pelka lured to a life of crime came from broken homes, were unable to get along with their parents, or had an unsatisfactory family life in some respect or other.

And of course, in war time a girl with no impediments to keep her



from a defense job and no money either had already passed her digitality exams to Pelka's crime school.

"It's tough making a living these days," the nice little pay would say sympathetically. "Room rent's high, clothes are high, liquor's high. I don't see how you girls manage."

Then he would look appraisingly at the prospects.

"Of course," he would say slowly, "of course, there's plenty of money to be picked up—easy money, too, but well, forget it; I don't guess you'd do." And when the girls had begged long enough—"I don't know—it's big money, hundreds of dollars at a time, too big for you, probably. But anyhow, come and see me tomorrow—we'll talk it over."

The girls went to see Pelka. A few more right answers and they were full-fledged freshmen.

A lesson in the Fagin school would go something like this:

Pelka would give each student a pay check which the police say he printed for himself in exact imitation of those issued by half a dozen war plants; a social security card and other identifying documents, also home-made. Then he would stand behind a high desk.

"Now I'm a clerk in a currency exchange or a teller in a bank. You come up and hand me your check. I'll ask you the same questions you're likely to be asked, and then I'll give you the answers. Be sure to say just what I tell you—no more, no less."

Day after day he drilled them. But only in pairs. Of the six so far indicted—Mary Engle, Grace Geiger, Jerry Hunter, Donna Peay, Agnes Corcoran and Alice Sampireanis—no two knew any other two. Fagin was careful as well as clever.

When at last they knew all the answers and, through repetition, had gained sureness in their roles, Pelka would send them out to take their

places in the long lines of genuine war workers waiting to cash their pay checks. They would bring the money back to him—the first few times they would go out and do it all over again.

They "worked," still in pairs, quite successfully for a time. The Engle and Geiger girls told police they had cashed more than \$40,000 worth of checks. The Misses Hunter and Peay admitted cashing some seventy-odd—very odd—checks for such amounts as \$32 and \$45 in a couple of months. It was easy pickings for Pelka—too easy, perhaps.

That is the girls' story. Pelka, indicted with them, says: nothing.

Maybe it really was just bad luck—an accident to his car—that tripped the little Fagin. The official account is that the police traced him to his Archer Ave. printing plant, that Pelka deserted it just in time, that the accident led them to his mother's home—which, despite the easy pickings, was only a \$15 a month flat—and that a night and day watch nabbed him there.

And naturally the police were looking for somebody, after the \$200,000 in pay checks began to bounce. But perhaps it wasn't only the accident that led the police to Pelka.

When the six sweet girl graduates, meeting for the first time, compared stories at police headquarters, they agreed that Pelka was harder to collect from than any bank teller.

"If we ever saw any of that big money he promised, we only saw it," Grace Geiger told the police. "It would go like this: One Saturday we brought in \$4,000. That little humpy counted it carefully, then gave us \$400—and I don't mean \$400 each. Tuesday he borrowed \$300 of it back. We never saw it again." He—she—crossed us every time.

So maybe it wasn't the hunchback Fagin's bad luck that brought him down. Sometimes crooks are so smart they outwit themselves.



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VITAMIN B12	X	X	X	X	X
VITAMIN C	X	X	X	X	X
VITAMIN D	X	X	X	X	X
IRON	X	X	X	X	X
IODINE	X	X	X	X	X
NIACIN	X	X	X	X	X
VITAMIN B6	X	X	X	X	X
CALCIUM	X	X	X	X	X
PHOSPHORUS	X	X	X	X	X
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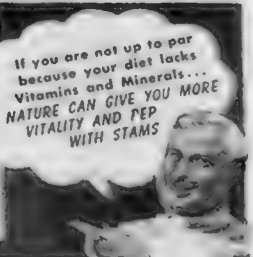
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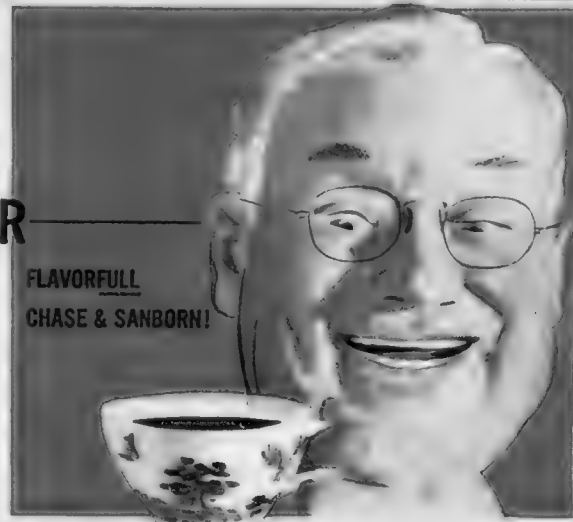
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Remarkable Photograph, Made in 1889, of Convicts Loading Nickel Ore From the Fumatis Mines of New Caledonia. Deportation to This Sinister Devil's Island of the Pacific Was Halted in 1894.

WHEN the U. S. Marines stormed Guadalcanal, Tarawa and the other South Sea stepping stones many of us thought that violence and death was something extraordinary for those "earthly paradises." Actually, it was only one more red page in their stormy history.

The American Weekly herewith presents the second of a series of salty tales about these Pacific isles, so badly misnamed, the sagas of men who defied cannibals in search of fame and fortune—and found tragedy instead.

Probably no one knows better than the author, Cap'n Gustaf Johnson, real old-time "South Seas Skipper," that truly the South Seas Were NEVER Calm.

By CAP'N GUSTAF JOHNSON

No. 2—THE CORRECTOR OF NOUMEA

ONE night I was walking through the streets of Noumea in New Caledonia when I met one of the old-timers.

"On m'appelle l'Haricot, monsieur," he croaked. And he certainly looked like a bean, thin, wizened and slightly green, with straggly white whiskers. And, of course, like all of his ilk, he had a tale.

At one time Noumea was compared with Port Said as the wickedest city in the world.

That was when New Caledonia was France's most brutal penal colony. But the deportations were stopped in 1894. Yet still in the Place des Cocotiers you can find old "bag-nards" who once suffered the iron cake and the "cachot noir," the black hole in which men were left solitary for years and came out blinded, gibbering lunatics.

There were four kinds of prisoners: politicals, who received special treatment; forcats, men sentenced to hard labor; relegates, incorrigibles; and liberes. The latter were forcats released on bond to work on farms and eventually, if approved, returned to France, or relegates who had finished their terms but could never go home.

Back before they stopped deportation, the old-timer Haricot told me, the forcats had done pretty well what they liked. The surveillants took bribes and the weaklings were slaves.

Moro, a gigantic mulatto was "corrector," or flogging master, to the kauri camps down at Bale des Pirogues about twenty-five miles south of Noumea. The wrong 'uns were flogged with a chicotte, a twist of bullock sinews, for next to nothing.

Of course, Moro adjusted his correction to the cash his victim might have.

Many tried to escape, risking a raft of logs across the most tempestuous sea in the world, rather than face the possibility of Moro's chicotte; but his spies usually told him and the fugitives were caught.

He'd killed more than one man, just flogged them to death with a sort of sadistic pleasure. And many were the vows of revenge. But Moro was hard to catch. Being a libere, he was allowed a hut outside the prison at le Nou, overlooking the bay and Noumea, and so placed that he could spot anyone sneaking up on him.

At this time there was a women's prison at Bourail, the Central depot, and liberes were allowed on Sundays to look over the women and marry their choice. That made the women liberes too, and the government helped the couples to farm and plant crops. If they were successful, they were allowed to return to France and regain their citizenship. If not, their children were taken away; they were left behind.

Hence, Noumea was a sink of wickedness where a man's life was worth just what he had in his pockets.

Of course, Moro was in cahoots with women who hung about the cafes and houses of Noumea and he blackmailed them, took their meagre earnings and lived like a prince.

But one day he got up against the wrong man. Jean Duclos, No. 7927, had been deported

for striking his superior officer. He had waiting to work out his farm time and try for a return to France.

Often liberes had sneaked up to him with interesting propositions.

"Il mariage a Bourail," suggested one.

But Jean wanted something better than a female convict for a wife.

Still his farm was doing well and he needed help. So one Sunday he went to the little church at Bourail.

The women were marshalled at their benches heads down, but bold eyes searched the grinning ranks of liberes. The usual plan was to be presented by a nun, who would watch the strange courtship for a few weeks. Then, when there were enough couples to make the wedding worth while there would be a mass marriage. Then the newlyweds went to their farms, or slunk off to the gutters of Noumea.

This time Jean, shamefacedly watching the women, saw one who seemed different. She was young and clean. A tough-looking female was muttering to her while she hung her head, blushing painfully.

Her name was Marianne and she wept piteously when about six liberes asked for her. She refused and begged to be taken back to her cell. But the nuns spoke grimly to her and at last she lifted her great eyes to the eager men.

Jean caught her eyes on him. He pushed through the fidgeting criminals.

"Ma Mere," he said to the nun, "Je voudrai bien—I would like to speak to her—"

"Oul, mon fils," said the gentle religieuse.



"Marianne—" She called the girl

She explained Jean's name and his crime. Then she told him of the girl's history. She had been deported by a mistress who accused her of stealing jewels.

"It is not true, monsieur," she said softly. In three weeks there was a mass marriage and 15 couples were wed by the fat Father Etien of Plum.

But what Jean didn't know was that a character named Vanille, and a spy of Moro, who had tried to get the girl to add to the stable of Moro, had been soundly flogged by his master for failing in his duty. And that Vanille followed the couple as they made their way to Jean's small coffee farm at Mount Coffin.

The forcats at Bale des Pirogues lived in hell for the next week. Moro seemed like a devil. He flogged, slashing men open with his chicotte.

But some of the convicts had had enough. Nothing could be worse than the lash of Moro. One night one of his spies was found dead with a sharpened stake of kauri pinning him to the wet, red ground. And four men were missing from the morning roll call.

Searches were made, but fruitlessly.

And Jean, living quietly at his little farm with Marianne, felt far from this. The girl was grateful to him for taking her away from the prison, and Jean, well, he was planning to take her home.

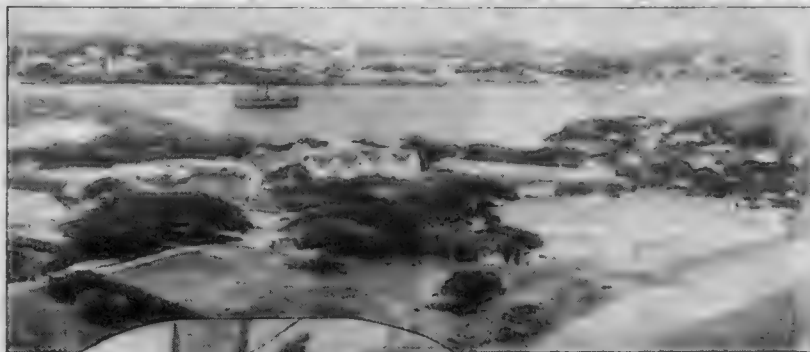
"We'll have a farm in the Midi," he promised. "Away from this cursed land. We will forget"

And for a month they lived happily, each learning more of the other, knowledge that brought love.

Then Jean noted that Marianne was nervous, unhappy. Often her eyes were swollen with tears. "What is it?" he asked. But she shook her dark head.

One night Jean looked up from his meal and

South Seas Were NEVER Calm



He Nou and the Buildings of the Old Prison Settlement. Across the Strait Is the Town of Noumea, Once Known as the Wickedest Spot.



Bagnards, Old Liberés Who Had Served Their Time but Were Still Exiles, Eking Out a Miserable Existence.



Dismal Yard Enclosing the Disciplinary Block of the Convict Depot at He Nou Where Moro, the "Corrector," Plied His Brutal Chicotte. Behind the Little Door in the Center Stood the Guillotine That Decapitated Marie Antoinette. Beyond It Are the Fearful Cachots Noirs, the Black Cells Where Solitaires Were Left Sometimes for Months on End.

As the Door Crashed In, Moro Turned From the Prostrate Girl, the Chicotte Poised in His Hand. "Cannille!" Jean Screamed, and Launched Himself at the Giant's Throat.

saw terror in his wife's face. A thin, high whistle came from outside. He turned. In the doorway, his glowering head against the wall, loomed Moro, his coal-black eyes studying Marianne.

"His mal," he murmured, stepping inside. "Du vin gar."

"There's no wine for you here," Jean said. "Allez!"

A silver chain dangled in the girl's great hand.

"The 'lan?" he tossed it in Marianne's lap.

The glittering thing slid down, dress and tinkled on the floor. Jean kicked it aside.

Moro licked his thick lips. "I hear you're going back to La Paterne?"

"WE are going back," said Jean clearly.

"Mais, accidents happen."

"I've done my stretch. I'm libre now. Nothing can happen."

"I have much influence," murmured Moro, watching Marianne. Then he grabbed her.

The girl whimpered.

"Let her go," roared Jean, snatching a knife.

There was a thin whistle outside.

"A hienot," grinned Moro, and slipped out.

There was the tinkle of a bell.

"Alors!" called a jolly voice. "La case!"

Father Etien stepped in, his toutane tumbled and kicked about his portly waist.

"What is it, children?" he said quietly. "I heard someone run away as I came up the path."

"Nothing," said Jean. "We will make our affair."

"You're a free man now, Jean. No need for prison loyalty. How can I help you? . . . " He shook his tattered head.

That night neither Jean nor Marianne slept well. There were sounds outside. The girl shuddered, nestling close to her husband. But near morning there was the rattle of the door.

"Don't go, mon cheri," she begged. "I'm afraid."

"Put that light out." In darkness they crowded close to Jean.

"Dis, mon ami, there is business this night. Thou canst help us. Come along."

"Mais—" "Vas!"

They stole past David village and through a dense forest to the bay shore. One scrambled under bushes and pushed out of the secret hiding place a native canoe.

"Step in, brother, you'll soon see your little cabbage."

It was nearly an hour before they reached He Nou.

Guards moved under palms, and outside the main gate five gas jets flickered. They skirted the wall and halted at a row of unmarked graves.

"The lucky ones," muttered someone.

On a small hill overlooking the sea were two small huts, one lighted.

Silently they crept to the hut and peered through a dirty window. There was Moro, lounging in a chair and on the floor tattered, blood-stained, weeping, was Marianne.

"Alors, ma gosse," purred Moro. "Thou dost not like my chicotte, Attendez!" The whip flicked and she flattened like a cat, yelping with pain.

Jean strained madly against rough hands.

"Now, guttersnipe, kiss my feet. Beg my pardon, little bush cat, and I may forgive the Allez!" The chicotte cracked like a whip. Moaning, she crawled towards him.

"Viens," whispered the convict beside Jean.

"You know your signals. You, Jean, take the gosse, we don't want her. Take her and see she doesn't talk. Viens!"

From his lips came a thin whistle.

"Tiens," came from the hut and feet moved inside. Then the long figure of Moro was outlined against the light.

"Canaille!" Jean launched himself at the giant's throat. The surprise of it knocked him over. And before he could recover the four of them had him pinned.

"Allez, vieux," muttered one convict. "Take the canoe, we shall be all right."

Dawn was breaking when Jean carried the girl into his hut. And it was weeks before her skin healed from the terrible flogging.

Then one day Father Etien called.

"The ship l'Hyacinthe sails this weekend," he told them. "Here are thy passages."

"Ah, merci, mon Pere."

"It is good thou art going home," said the priest. "Violent things happen in this lost place. Someone has flogged the mulatto, Moro, to death."

The priest looked out of the window.

"Fine coffee, my son. Four escapees, too. They stole Moro's whale boat. It is believed they reached Australia. I hope so. The free people of that land have sympathy for our poor ones."

"And that," concluded Haricot the old-timer, finishing his rum, "is a true tale."

Next week Cap'n Johnson will tell the amazing story of a nantless island.

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More than 275,000 Dodge-built Army trucks have been delivered to the armed forces, along with tanks, ammunition, guns and other war equipment produced by Chrysler Corporation—peacetime makers of Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler passenger cars and Dodge Job-Rated trucks. **BUY MORE WAR BONDS.**

Actress Oriel Ross,
the Earl's First
Wife, Whose Customary Shoulder
Ornament, According to Her Husband, Was
Not a Cat But a
Chip.

No Actresses Wanted in Lord Poulett's Love Scenes



"I love you with all my heart!" declared the young Irish Lord of Poulett, not very much in earnest. "I want to find out how it feels to be married. I want to find out how it feels to be married."

But Oriel Ross, to whom the words were addressed, gave no sign. She lowered her lids, and, without a word, turned, and, in a matter of moments, had disappeared into the wings.

She had been reading the question, for, according to all the English newspapers and novels, she had ever read, eligible British aristocrats married only two kinds of women: a) those of title, and b) actresses.

Olga is neither. She is just a simple Danish girl, who escaped from the Nazis and found refuge behind the white cliffs of Dover.

Moreover, things looked particularly black for her because she knew that her father's mother, Sylvia, the Dowager Countess, and her father, Lord Poulett, had both been actresses.

So it seemed likely that the Earl was even more susceptible than most of his peers to gossip, to the press, to the lights, and other paraphernalia of the theatre.

Against such odds, what chance had Olga, who couldn't sing or tap-dance or give exhibitions or even walk gracefully across a stage, carrying a spear?

Noting herself, she looked up and was surprised to find the young man actually smiling.

"I might take dramatic lessons," she stammered. "Just you try it and I'll spank the life out of you!"

"You mean you don't care if I'm not an actress?"

"Care? I'm delighted! I wouldn't have you an actress for all the money in the Bank of England! I swore I'd never marry another actress, and now of course—if you'd turned out to

The Young-Looking Sylvia, Dowager Countess Poulett, an Ex-Actress Herself; Left—Her Son, Lord Poulett, Who Can't Stand Actresses.



have been one—I might have had to break my vow!"

So, off they went and were wed a few weeks ago at a London register office.

The Earl's unconventional aversion to actresses may have struck his bride as peculiar, but it is understandable enough to those familiar with his well publicized career.

He and his first wife, beautiful Oriel Ross, ran afoul of each other almost as soon as their wedding guests had departed. She wanted to live in London, he to set her up in style on his ancestral estate at Hinton St. George.

"I wasn't cut out to be a contending country Countess," said the Countess, and flounced away to take a part in a production of Bernard Shaw's play, "The Apple Cart."

While she played a minor role on the public stage, she was starring in an impromptu domestic vehicle, which might have been called "The Upset Apple Cart."

After a few weeks of this doubling in brass, she turned up in a fashionable divorce lawyer's office with her little finger in a split.

"I want a divorce," she announced. "My husband twisted my finger because I wouldn't live in the country. He has the most frightful Irish temper!"

The lawyer was sympathetic but suggested that a broken arm or leg might have been better evidence.

Oriel went home, heroically determined to mend a broken arm or leg. Instead, it was her husband who acquired one, or at least, a reasonable facsimile.

An impish friend, knowing they were estranged, invited them both to a party and was delighted when they started tossing first words and then canapes at each other.

This first instalment of the fracas ended with Oriol, escorted by a friend, beating as dignified a retreat as she could. However, it went against the Earl's Irish nature to quit a promis-

Following Oriel and Her Escort Home From the Party, the Earl Tried to Get In by Breaking Down the Door, But All He Got Into Was the Hospital.

ing altercation right in the middle. He gave chase, arriving at their apartment just in time to have the door slammed in his face.

A crash, a stream of oaths in an Oxford accent and, some time later, the appearance of an ambulance apprised the smart Mayfair neighborhood that the battling Pouletts were at it again.

The Earl had rammed his fist through one of the glass panes of the door. While recovering from the consequent lacerations and abrasions, he thought things over and, on emerging from the hospital, informed his wife that they had better get a divorce before one or the other was put out of commission permanently.

Oriel, who had visited Hollywood once and wanted to keep herself in shape to visit it again, under contract, agreed.

So far, she has not achieved her ambition. However, her ex-husband's mother and sister did make the long pilgrimage to California, though with an object somewhat different from Oriol's.

The sight of Clark Gable on the screen had been too much for them. They could not rest until they had sought him out in the flesh and worshipped at the Gable shrine.

The 6000-odd mile trip was rather a disappointment, though, for Clark was absurdly preoccupied with Carole Lombard at the moment and just didn't have time for the adoration of visiting Countesses.

It seems to have been this Quixotic quest of his mother's which added the final drop of acid to the Earl of Poulett's opinion of actresses.

"I Traded in My Heart"

By Peggy Fears

The Sparkling Memoirs of the Broadway Cinderella Who Got Everything She Wanted—Fame, Riches and a Millionaire Prince Charming—But Found Out She Didn't Want Any of Them

Peggy Fears Was Urged to Train for Grand Opera and the Dramatic Stage, but the Lure of the Ziegfeld Follies Was Too Strong.

CHAPTER IV.

SURELY no man has ever had the power to look into a girl's heart and interpret its beat as humanly as Flo Ziegfeld the morning I went into his office with the death-message in my hand.

He read the wire from my mother, telling of the death of Tom Wharton, the boy to whom I was married at 15, only to see the wedding annulled. It asked me to return home.

"Ivory," Ziggy's arm went protectively about my shoulders, "there's no time off for you. No, darling, you can't go home to Dallas. You're going to forget right here now. How? Work! It's the kindest and surest remedy of all—and, darling, I'm going to prescribe it in large doses."

"No blue notes for my little prima donna! From you the world expects song, music, dancing, the interpretation of its happiest moments! I'm going to see that you fulfill its expectations."

Ziggy nodded toward the famous ivory and bronze elephants parading endlessly about his great carved desk and over the grand piano.

"As the elephants tilt their trunks toward the stars—my stars," he waved his hand toward the walls, covered with portraits of his famous showgirls and women stars painted by renown artists. "I'm looking to you. I've just hung my new star's portrait." I saw the full-length pastel of me, signed by Albert Vargas.

Flo Ziegfeld, whose plus seemed almost hypnotic, immediately turned my days and nights into a breathless routine of activity. He gave me a new number to sing in "The Follies," a lovely, thoughtful melody by Victor Herbert—"Lullaby in Toyland." I didn't stop long enough to think, but if I had I should have known then as I do now that it was Ziggy's way of telling me I was, indeed, growing up. . . . "Lovely, little girl and boyland. . . . once you leave the portals, you can never return again!"

I was leaving the portals. . . . working, forgetting in dancing and fencing lessons under the exacting commands of Ned Weyburn. In the stimulating presence of Frances Robinson-Duff, instructed by Ziggy to make me forget my Southern accent. . . . to teach me to master my voice and gestures as she had so successfully taught Katherine Hepburn, Ina Claire, Helen Hayes and John Barrymore.

"Don't lose your Southern accent, Peggy," cautioned Otto Kahn, the multimillionaire banker, one of Ziggy's backers. "Take this letter to Eva Le Gallienne, of The Civic Repertory Theatre. Eva will modify your drawl, yet preserve its quality—for opera."

"Opera?" But this was no more a dream than was my audition before Gatti-Casazza, musical director of the Metropolitan Opera Company. (Two other girls, as blond and statuesque as I was small and dark, also sent by Otto Kahn, chairman of the opera company's board, auditioned for the great director. These girls were the famous Grace Moore and Mary Lewis.)

Gatti-Casazza came over to me after my audition and took my hand. "Miss Fears, go ahead to study for concert and opera. The Met will work out a plan to finance your study."

(Grace Moore and Mary Lewis accepted the plan and returned from abroad to realize triumphs.)

BUT European training, I knew, was not on the blueprint plan Ziggy had made for me. That day I found Ziggy excited, nervously walking his office.

"You insisted Helen Morgan could sing, remember?" he greeted me. "Nobody has seen her for days and I can't locate her!"

Then he wheeled around and added: "The Follies is going on a road tour! We leave in a few weeks!"

Ziggy walked over to Goldie, his famous secretary, whispered something and left.

"Ziggy," Goldie gently led me from the office, "the boss is unhappy about Helen's dropping out of the show, and now with the road tour there's much on his mind. You're mostly it."

"Why, Goldie, am I?"

"He believes in you, you don't let him down!" That night, after my first number with Irving Fischer, I realized that the road tour and Helen Morgan were not why Ziggy had acted so worried. I found the showgirls whispering and looking out, speculating as to what famous foreign movie star was sitting in the front left box. Before I could look, the curtain went up and my back was to the box. During my duet with Irving he whispered: "She has the wildest skin and darkest hair! She's stunning! Wonder who she is?"

He took the song and I turned to look at the

"No, Peggy," said Ziegfeld. "If a just can't see Morton Downey in the same Follies with you." "As I find with him, Morton stood there disconsolately. Barbara Bennett left her seat beside me and putting



Morton Downey's Failure To Land in the Follies As Peggy's Singing Partner Brought Him Closer to Barbara Bennett, Who Later Became His Wife.

fabulous creature. I almost cried out aloud. "She's my mother!"

The sun-browned, demure girl beside Mother was my little sister, May. Mother wanted me to go with them back to Dallas, as Ziggy had feared. But I realized sharply that parental blessing was not stronger than the lure of The Follies. You can't ever go back, thought.

I held back my tears, as the train pulled out by humming. "Once you've left its portals you can never return again."

I played as ardently as I worked. I died and danced. With Leland Hayward, Eddie MacVicar, Cadeo Bragg, Phil Plant. So many invitations from

Blumey, who managed to telephone, wire, send more flowers and turn up in more places where I was than all others put together—that is, except the famous playwright, Michael Arlen, whose show, "The Green Hat," was making theatrical history in London. Katharine Cornell was going to appear in the show soon on Broadway.

While Ziggy mangled me about losing my Southern accent, Michael encouraged me to keep it—citing the success of another Southern girl, Tallulah Bankhead, starring in his London play.

"Europeans rave over American girls with soft accents," he said. "I'm going to write a play around you. Not as Peggy, but as Margaret Fears," Michael said: "Your place is not in musical comedy, Margaret."

Fatefully, next day, David Belasco sent for me. "I believe in you as an actress," he said. "I can teach you to believe in yourself as an actress."

Now, I felt I understood why David Belasco always wore a clergyman's collar. The theatre was his church. Belasco talked to me of Lenore Ulric and Judith Anderson—and when I returned to Ziggy's office I believed more in Michael Arlen's ardent, romantic plan for me abroad.

As if Ziggy could read the uncertainty in my thoughts, he began talking to me of young girls he had starred. . . . Marilyn Miller, Mary Eaton, Fannie Brice, Grace La Rue, of Lillian Lorraine. "Your eyes, Peggy, constantly remind me of Lillian. I'm going to try to put out in her numbers, give you a chance to do the numbers which made

all my stars famous... keep trying until I find the one that suits your voice, character and personality best."

Can't you understand why I decided to continue in Flo Ziegfeld's school?

The night before the New York opening of "The Green Hat" Michael and I dined at The Colony, where he surprised me with the news that Ziggy had consented to let me off to attend the opening of his show.

I didn't want to tell him on the eve of his opening that I had decided to stay with Mr. Ziegfeld. And for a second my eyes wandered—and met the intent, watchful face of Blumey. I decided that we leave and Michael took me to my hotel.

Mike reminded me that two tickets would be left at the theatre for me. I asked Louise Brooks. When Michael called that day I told him I had invited her. I thought nothing of his negative reply. I knew, of course, that Brooks and Mike had never got on.

Brooksey and I shopped all day so that she might appear in a new and lavishly-leaded white gown. Imagine my chagrin when in the rush of the first-night crowd I was ushered to a front box without Louise! She was seated in the balcony!

I decided I would show Michael Arlen that he could not treat a friend of mine like that. So, after the first act, in front of the theatre, I called a cab.

Mike came rushing out of the stage door. "Margaret! Why are you leaving?"

"Because you've mistreated my friend!"

I WENT along a little early to Paul Whiteman's party, where I was later joined by Charlie Chaplin, Brooksey and Harry D'Arrest. The excitement of going on the road with the show kept life spinning too fast for me to hold a grudge. Michael apologized to Louise, to me. I'll never forget how tumbled backstage was the

night The Follies company was to leave for Boston. And in the midst of the scuffle Morton Downey appeared for a special audition to Ziggy. Morton had been supposed to sing opposite me in the show on the road. I was convinced that if Ziggy heard the high register of this Irishman's voice he would be an mad about him and his singing as everyone else was.

While Morton was singing, Barbara Bennett sat beside me, listening intently.

I looked at her eyes and knew what she felt. "You'd be no good singing together," was the decision. Ziggy made. "Why, Peggy, his voice sounds just like yours... it's the same register!"

As I plied with him, Morton stood there disconsolately while Barbara left her seat and, putting her arms on Morton's shoulders, offered him the encouragement of love. Ziggy and I made our exit.

The next morning I was in Boston, with a basket of orchids from Ziggy, a pint-sized bottle of perfume and a forest of roses from Blumey. I walked down the red-carpeted lobby of the Copple Place and the first person I recognized was—Blumey.

"I had to come up to Boston on business," he said. "Will you dine with me tonight?"

"Sorry, Blumey. I have a date with Bill Gaston." I came home late and got up early, yet somehow I became frightfully lonely. I could not explain why. Then, one night, after saying goodnight to Lady Gaston, I looked at my telephone messages. Among them was that one which appeared constantly day after day. . . .

I picked up my telephone. I remember looking at my wrist watch. It was 12:30.

There was an immediate answer. "Hello, Blumey."

"Margaret!" I heard his surprise. "How'd you like to buy me a nightcap?" "Champagne?" Blumey asked. "I'll order it."

"And, Blumey, have you a piano?"

"Yes, Margaret, and all your songs." "I don't want to hear my songs," I said, "but old songs. I'm blue."

"All the old songs are here," Blumey offered. "I'll be right up."

Next week, Peggy Fears tells experiences, amusing and tragic, in her day life with "Ziegfeld's Follies" on tour.



Visitors Inspected the Nail-Pierced Palm of the Thin Man to See If His Act Was a Fakir. It Wasn't.

Crucified Himself —Once too Often

By JOHN K. WINKLER
Noted Biographer and Magazine
Writer

THE East Indian sprawling capital of all Mexico, ringed by snow-clad peaks, is one of the most fascinating spots on earth. It is inhabited by a polyglot population of some two million. Characteristically, the spirit of the city is a strange, thingy, a new, exciting, or bizarre attraction will spread attention.

Recently a thin, middle-aged man played an extraordinary part in the life of his own country. He was crucified, entranced a great many hundreds of thousands of people, and died dramatically before he could cash in upon his hard-won notoriety.

This man, announced early in September that he would have himself nailed to a cross in Mexico City and remain in that state of self-imposed crucifixion for 100 days.

"I am a Yogi," he said. "I have attained dominion of mind and spirit over matter. Pain is not for me. For ten years, since leaving my native Swat, I have been driven through my body. I have lain uncomplainingly on a bed of tacks. I shall survive this ordeal like the others."

"El Fakir," as our man was quickly dubbed, proceeded to execute his plan. He and his Chilean manager hired a showroom in the center of the city's business district, where El Fakir, swathed in snowy Oriental robes, stretched himself upon a table. Both of his feet and one hand were nailed to blocks of wood, with long golden nails. Great streamers in Spanish and English announced the act.

From the opening day, the box office was mobbed. People almost fought to pay their pesos and see the man who swore he would end could survive such an ordeal.

El Fakir left one hand free—partly, he explained, to avoid implied blasphemy. Also, partly to smother men-

theluded emotions and to show that pop by the case.

People came to see him from far and near. Pleasant families trudged in from the countryside, with the children perched on the backs of burros and first past wide-eyed. Many crossed themselves in awe, others simply bowed before the man who had the me of the Virgin of Guadalupe and beseeched him to pray for them.

Soon a debate developed over whether El Fakir's exhibition was sacrilege. This finally elicited from Archbishop Luis Martinez the statement: "It is a matter of faith, not of religion."

There were celebrities pouring in ceaselessly. These included bullfighters who bowed humbly before the Fakir's matchless valor; cinema actors, politicians, soldiers, students, and one ex-President (Portes Gil).

"I have seen him work before in Mexico," testified the Governor of Yucatan. "He is a great artist."

The Chilean promoter of the stunt offered a prize of 20,000 pesos (\$1,000) to anyone able to demonstrate that the performance was not on the level. After previously washing their hands with disinfectant, visitors were permitted to finger the tortured limbs to convince themselves that they were not of wax. One American doctor,



A Real East Indian Fakir, Moved by Religious Zeal, Performs Many Rites That Seem Impossible—Such as Hanging Head Downward for Hours—But He Doesn't Do It for Money.

pletion of more than 20 days.

Came Monday and the Fakir was unnailed and whisked away in an ambulance to the Sanatorio Mexicano. His ordeal had lasted 488 hours and 45 minutes—and 700,000 men, women and children had paid almost \$200,000 to see him. El Fakir's share was one-third of the net proceeds—some \$50,000—more money than he had ever dreamed of possessing.

In the hospital El Fakir spoke testily to his doctor when the latter ordered him to remain in bed ten days to rest his overtaxed heart.

"Baloney," sneered the great man.

El Fakir Had Long Golden Spikes Driven Through Both Feet and One Hand. He Kept Them There for 20 Days and People Paid \$200,000 Just to Look at Him, But When the Nails Were Pulled Out—El Fakir Died.

"Why, dumbass, I'm strong enough to be nailed up again right now!"

In two days, he was up and on his way back to his hotel in a taxi, making plans to spend his fortune.

He reached the hotel elevator. Suddenly, El Fakir's face turned the color of ashes. He clutched his heart and collapsed.

His manager and hotel attendants lugged him to bed. Doctors were summoned. Too late.

The devout said that Providence had struck down El Fakir for making light of a sacred symbol. The manager insisted that death had been due to natural causes.

Autopsy disclosed that the man's blood was a type that coagulated with amazing readiness.

Too readily, in fact—for the cause of death was a blood clot in the heart.

It has since been learned that El Fakir was one Harry von Wickede, a Swiss, who ran away to sea as a boy, lived in India, and became an adept at tricks involving endurance of pain.

"The man, of course was not a Yogi and knew little if anything about Yoga," said Dr. Thomas L. Garrett, director of the Garrett Psychological Foundation of New York City, when asked for an analysis of the strange performance. "The true Yogi does nothing for monetary gain. He is concerned only with the development of his soul."

"I should analyze this El Fakir, on the basis of known facts, as an extreme fanatic who became imbued with the spectacular side of occultism as a means of making a fortune rather than for the development of his soul. This, combined with apparent masochistic tendencies, produced a perfect vehicle for the expression of his megalomania."

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So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you not only all the extra vitamins and minerals you need—but also all the extra basic food substances you must have for good health. Just follow the Ovaltine way.

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NIGHT AND MORNING**

OVALTINE

Science Misses Up On This Week's Eclipse

Our Savants Are So Busy With War Problems They Are Forced to Pass Up the Clues to Those Five Fascinating Solar Mysteries

By ROBERT D. POTTER
Science Editor

NEXT Tuesday, January 23, 1941, that finger of darkness will reach 238,854 miles out of the sun and wave its eerie streak across the continent of South America. To natives of the high Peruvian mountains, descendants of the ancient Incas, and to the headhunting tribes of the Amazon basin the world will seem to be at an end. Their sky god will have abdi-

But to the world of astronomy it will be chiefly remarkable as an eclipse that had to be all but ignored.

Under normal circumstances, expeditions would have traveled to the world to observe the path of the sun.

But with the war on, the expedition from the Mexican observatories at Tacubaya and Tonanzintla, a scientific group has planned to observe the coming eclipse.

Scientists everywhere are busy with problems of war. And trans-citation difficulties growing out of the war have put a damper on the expedition.

While the small band of Mexican astronomers hopes for good seeing weather, it is only a hope, and it may be that clouds will obscure the view when the moon blacks out the sun.

So the eclipse may go down in history as the eclipse scientists did not see.

This war tragedy for science is that it has not solved mysteries of the universe, but it has not solved them.

One major mystery is the nature of zodiacal light, which appears just after sunset and just before sunrise. This great band of light goes upward from the horizon to the zenith and lies along the zodiac, the path of the planets as they and the earth pass around the sun.

In some unexplained way the light of the zodiac is based up with the path of the earth and planets.

The zodiacal light is best observed in the tropics, where the line of the ecliptic is almost at right angles to the horizon.

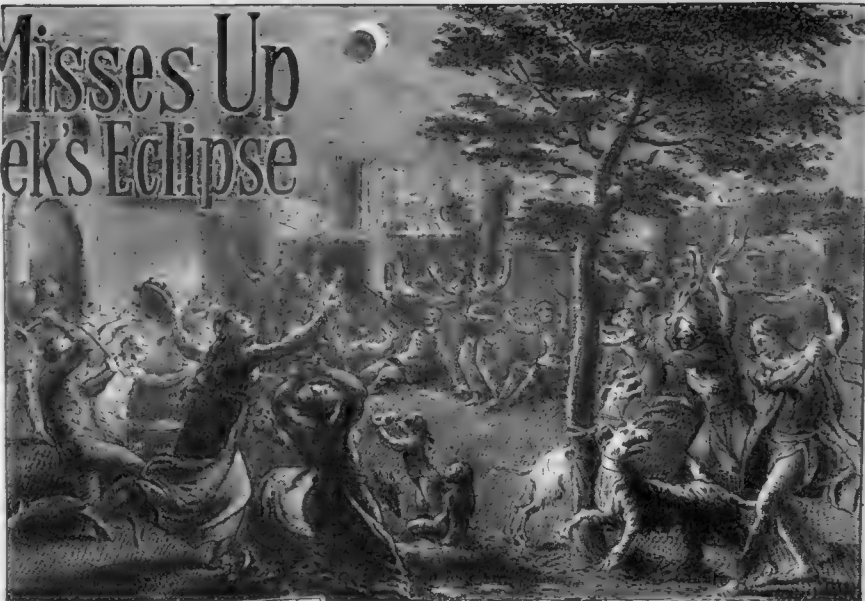
Astronomers argue about the nature of zodiacal light.

One group holds the glow is the reflection of sunlight from dust particles between the earth and the sun; particles too small to glow with incandescence when they strike the earth's atmosphere.

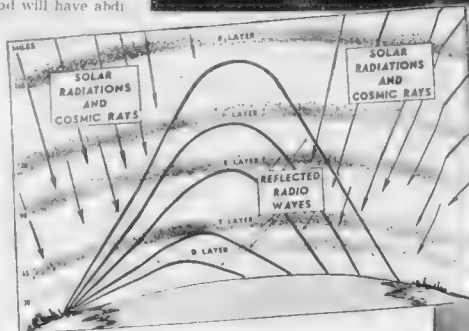
Other astronomers say it is merely an extension of the sun's atmosphere into space.

But all astronomers agree that a total eclipse is the best of all time to observe the zodiacal light, for then it can be seen on both sides of the sun.

Also, during an eclipse, the light of



In Ancient Peru, Where This Year's Celestial Blackout Will Best Be Seen, Terrified Natives Will As Usual Indulge in All Sorts of Weird Mumbo-Jumbo to Appease the Evil Spirits They Believe Responsible.



By Studying Eclipses Science Hopes to Explain the Strange "Sky Mirrors" That Influence Radio Transmission, and the Sunspots (Right) That Affect Everything From Weather to Appetites.

the zodiac is seen high in the sky away from the ground haze.

If zodiacal light is caused by reflections from dust particles then it has an important bearing on the nature of the universe, for as-

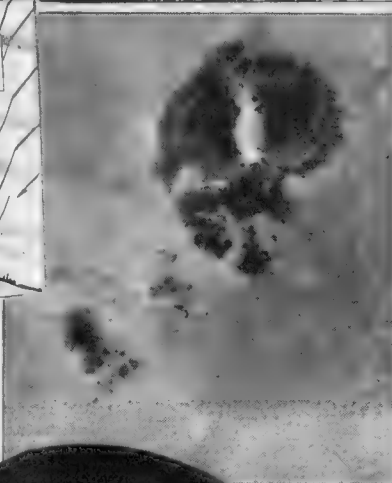
tronomers know that interplanetary and interstellar dust has an important role in the structure and evolution of the universe of stars and galaxies.

Another major mystery that has not been solved, but will probably not be solved at the eclipse, is the nature of the corona.

The corona is the faint, pearly band of light around the sun which can be seen only at times of a total eclipse.

Recent studies of the solar corona show part of its light comes from iron atoms which have been stripped of 13 of their outer electrons. This could occur only if the atoms had temperatures of 100,000 degrees centigrade.

And scientists cannot understand how the atoms could have this solar



"strip tease" without attaining this temperature. They must have come from the center of the sun. But how they got to the fringes of the sun's atmosphere is a mystery.

The unsolved problem of the stripped iron atoms is linked to solar prominences, those great tongues of incandescent gas which flash brilliantly hundreds of thousands of

miles into space. New discoveries show that 90 per cent of the visible light of the solar prominence comes from material FALLING BACK into the sun. A total eclipse would be a good time to study why this occurs.

Finally astronomers seek to fathom the mystery of sunspots, those vortices of flaming vapors which mark the sun's surface.

What causes sunspots is still as much a mystery as when Galileo first confirmed their existence 300 years ago.

Sunspots come and go in cycles. And along with the sunspot cycles occur many important effects on earth.

Earth magnetism, displays of Northern Lights, radio, telegraph and telephone transmission, world weather, the growth of trees and plants—all are somehow bound up with sunspots.

The newest way to study a solar eclipse is to do it by reflected radio waves, making them bounce off the electrical layers 50 and 100 miles above the earth's surface. The electric layers, the ionosphere, act as mirrors to reflect radio waves and make long distance transmission possible. They are caused by solar radiation.

In peacetime, Harvard University undoubtedly would have sent a radio eclipse expedition to South America just as it did to South Africa in 1940.

In the future there may be more radio experts observing solar eclipses than astronomers.

For the future, too, lies television observation of eclipses. Some day it may be possible to send television expeditions to the eclipse zone and transmit instantaneously back home the picture of the whole event.

Some of the glamour would then pass out of astronomy, but the gains to science would be great.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Blew Up His Father With A Mine

"A LIGHT, Nurse Mitchell, for my cigarette."

Archibald Brown, short-tempered and crippled Londoner, out for an airing near his home in the British capital, turned in his wheel chair.

The nurse fumbled in her handbag for the matches.

"Did you hear me?" he growled. "A light for —"

These were the last words the irritable invalid ever spoke.

A second later there was a violent blast and the wheel chair and its occupant were blown to bits. Nurse Mitchell, badly injured about the legs, stood ludicrously in the middle of the sidewalk holding the splintered handle.

After the nurse had been rushed to the hospital, the police gathered up the scattered remains of the wheel chair. Investigation showed that an anti-tank mine, and detonator, had been wired under the seat—a diabolical plan for murder by remote control.

Detectives lost no time in arresting Brown's 19-year-old son, Eric, a private in the Suffolk Regiment, who was home on leave, and he readily confessed.

"I want to tell the whole

story," he said. "For the last four and a half years, and even before that, life had ceased to exist for my mother, and had become in effect complete drudgery as a result of my father's treatment of her."

"I decided the only real way in which my mother could lead a normal life and for my father to be released from his suffering was for him to die mercifully."

"I therefore decided to cause his death in a manner which would leave him no longer in suffering. This was only decided upon a matter of a few days before his death."

"I took a grenade from the company's magazine, also the detonator and ignitor set. At the time I had no idea of doing what I subsequently did. I took them more or less as an act of devilment and brought them home with me on leave. . . .

"After nearly a fortnight of seeing just exactly what my mother was forced to endure," he said, "I realized that this could not be allowed to go on."

"Primarily for my mother's sake, but also, to a lesser degree, for my father's sake, I



As the Irritable Mr. Brown Turned in His Wheelchair to Demand a Light From His Patient Nurse There Was a Terrific Explosion and That Was the Last She Ever Saw of Her Cantankerous Patient.

placed the grenade under my father's chair. . . .
Imprisoned for two months while police and psychiatrists

checked the case, the young soldier was recently brought into Chelmsford Court and found guilty of murdering

his father. The court, however, ruled the youth insane, and ordered his detention "during the King's pleasure."

Everybody's whistling this happy little washday song

RIN-SO WHITE

• Charming Barbara Clark lives in Hoboken, New Jersey. She is avid about the accordion and is now taking lessons. Both she and her father are great ones for puttering around the house.

Mommy always whistles while she washes
..because Rinso **GETS OUT MORE DIRT**



Avoid Soap Waste

1. Measure Rinso carefully. Don't waste it.
2. Do a full load of wash.
3. Use only enough Rinso to keep 2 to 3 inches of suds.



A LITTLE RINSO GOES A L-O-N-G L-O-N-G WAY



TUNE IN AMOS 'N' ANDY EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT OVER NBC NETWORK



© 1943, The Studebaker Corporation

The Connells of South Bend are traveling

They've left the job of building Flying Fortress engines at Studebaker to their Dad

GEORGE CONNELL is in the Marine Corps. His brother Francis is in the Navy. Both are in the air service.

Only a little while ago they were one of numerous family groups in the Studebaker factories—headed by a father who has seen active service as a Studebaker man for over 28 years.

War has separated many of the famous father-and-son teams that have long made fine craftsmanship one of the great traditions of Studebaker's home community.

Boys who worked with their fathers on the Studebaker production lines now see plenty of military equipment made by Studebaker in grim action in far-off places. Some write home to tell how heartening the quality of Studebaker craftsmanship is to the men-at-arms of our Nation and its Allies.

Steadily, off to the fighting fronts, from the

Studebaker factories, move ever-increasing quantities of Cyclone engines for the mighty Boeing Flying Fortress—tens upon tens of thousands of big multiple-drive military trucks—as well as other vital war matériel.

It's reassuring to every Studebaker man—on the production line or the firing line—to know that each shipment Studebaker makes today is helping to hasten the dawn of a safe, new tomorrow. After victory comes, still finer Studebaker motor cars and motor trucks than ever will be built.

STUDEBAKER

**Builder of Cyclone engines
for the Boeing Flying Fortress, big multiple-
drive military trucks and other
vital war matériel**



On his Studebaker job over 28 years

Charles R. Connell began his Studebaker career before either of his air-crew sons were born. From early boyhood, their ambition was to follow in their father's footsteps in the Studebaker plants. That has been a typical family experience in Studebaker's home community for over 91 years.

SUPPORT THE 4TH WAR LOAN...BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

WHEN YOUR STOMACH

IS



When you eat in haste you often repent at leisure—with a queasy, uneasy stomach—gas pains—or simple diarrhea.

Don't add to your upset by taking overdoes of antacids or harsh physics. Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL, to help calm and quiet your upset stomach, and soothe irritated intestinal walls. Get a bottle from your druggist today. If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Pepto-Bismol

At all drug stores and health food stores

No Other Magazine in the World Presents Factual Articles in Such an Interesting Way as Does The American Weekly.



... and to my favorite nephew, Wilbur, I leave my entire stock of G-E bulbs!"

"TO MAKE LAMPS STAY BRIGHTER LONGER" The Creed of G-E RESEARCH



G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

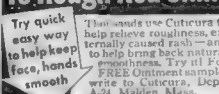
Do you know that today's G-E bulbs are nearly 10 times brighter than Edison's first lamp?

CRO-PAX for BUNIONS



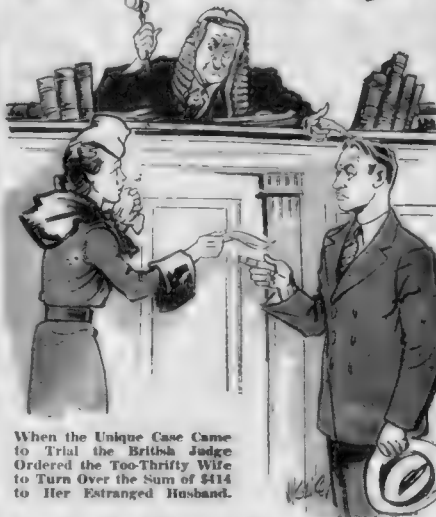
AT ALL 10 STORES

Women Workers! SAY "NO" To Rough Red Skin!



CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

Should A Wife Get Cut On The Household Dough?



When the Unique Case Came to Trial the British Judge Ordered the Too-Thrifty Wife to Turn Over the Sum of \$414 to Her Estranged Husband.

CAN a wife, who is given money by her husband to run the household, skimp in order to save part of the allowance for herself? Three Lord Justices of the Court of Appeals in London who were recently called on to provide an answer to that important domestic question

all gave an emphatic "No."

In a masculine emancipation proclamation, the three jurists ruled that a wife is not entitled to pocket money she is able to save from her housekeeping allowance.

"Even in these days a poor husband has SOME rights," said Lord Justice Sir Rayner Goddard.

The "pocket money" question—which all Britain has been arguing pro and con for months—was first brought up when an Oxford County Court ordered Mrs. Dorothy Blackwell to return to her husband, from whom she is separated, the sum of \$414 which she managed to hoard from \$18.60 weekly house-keeping cash and \$6 roomers' rent.

She appealed—and the case became something of a cause celebre among English feminists, who rounded up lawyers to help Mrs. Blackwell get the ruling reversed.

But the Court of Appeals sided with the lower court.

"Return the cash," the justices ordered unanimously. "Why, on your argument, if a husband wanted roast beef for dinner his wife could say, 'No, I shall give you corned beef,' and save the balance. It is an impossible proposition. She might even decide to spend nothing at all and starve her husband."

The three justices further ruled that the money a husband gives his wife for house-keeping expenses is not to be kept for herself. It is to be spent to make a happy home.

Lord Justice Goddard pointed out that if an allowance was to be regarded as pay, out of which money could be saved, it might tempt every husband to squeeze his wife down to the last penny.

The battery of women lawyers, who represented Mrs. Blackwell, argued long and loud—but futilely—that the money saved by a wife's ingenuity and hard work should be hers to keep.

Lord Justice Goddard had an answer for that one, too. "That is not law," he said.



RATIONED FUEL?

Now, more than ever, Listerine Antiseptic may help you guard against colds and sore throat

WHEN the thermostat says 60 degrees as you sit down to play bridge, maybe you had better have a bottle of Listerine Antiseptic handy, to be used at the first sneeze or sniffle.

Many medical authorities consider a chill, a draft, wet or cold feet, and fatigue to be important factors in the production of some of the troublesome symptoms of colds.

In their opinion, these factors may lower body resistance so that a threatening group of germs called the "secondary invaders" can stage a "mass invasion" of throat tissues.

Much of the discomfort and misery associated with a cold are due, they say, to such "mass invasions."

Kills Millions of Germs in Tests

The prompt and early and repeated use of Listerine Antiseptic may avert this mass attack... get the surface germs before they get you. This delightful germicide reaches way back on mouth and throat surfaces to kill millions of bacteria.

Nature's a helping hand in its fight to throw off the infection before it gets serious.

This quick, germ-killing action, we believe, explains why Listerine Antiseptic has had such an impressive record against colds in

tests conducted over a period of twelve years.

Fewer Colds for Listerine Antiseptic Users in Tests

These tests showed that regular, once-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers. Moreover, when colds did develop they were generally milder in character.

Just remember, that fifteen minutes after Listerine Antiseptic was gargled germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% were noted... and up to 80% even one hour after the test gargle.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, it's just plain common sense to take advantage of the Listerine Antiseptic precaution. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, N. LOAN, Mo.

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in some size.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

The American Weekly Is Read From Coast to Coast

CORNS Go Quick



Famous Doctor's Scientific Relief Acts Instantly!

DON'T suffer! The instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on your corns, nagging shoe friction stops and painful pressure is lifted—the two causes of the torment of corns. Applied at the first sign of irritation, these thin, downy-soft, soothing, cushioning, protective pads prevent corns, sore toes, blisters; ease new or tight shoes. Used with the separate Medications included, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly remove corns. No other method does all these things. Costs but a trifle. Get a box at your Drug, Shoe, Dept. Store or Toilet Goods Counter. Insist on Dr. Scholl's!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Here's a new kind of
"Double talk"



When you want your pipe to talk of (1) rich, ripe, true-tobacco flavor—make a date with Model. When you want it to talk of (2) cool, soothin' mildness—make a date with Model. For every mellow morsel of this quality tobacco gives you that double smoking joy. But Model never "talks back" to your tongue. Burns slow and easy with nary a nip. So, let's go, "on the double," and make a date with Model!



MEN: Want a photo-print of Buella Casey—lovely artists' model? Send your name and address on a postcard (no letters, please) to: Model Tobacco, P. O. Box 37, Station O, New York 19, N. Y. We'll send you FREE, a gorgeous, 7 1/2" x 9 1/2" full-color print suitable for pin-up or framing. Only one to a person. Offer good in U.S.A. only.

How's about it? MAKE A DATE WITH MODEL'S "GAY NINETIES REVUE"—CBS—COAST TO COAST EVERY MONDAY NIGHT.

Make a date with **MODEL**

© 1943, United Sales Service Company, New York

That's Right, Hollywood Hires Hands, Too

THE story is told in Hollywood about the operator of a movie theatre in a small town who hung out a sign announcing that the local hero, who made good in the town, would put in a personal appearance at the Bijou in connection with the showing there of his latest picture. Came the night of the big performance and the audience, which packed the movie house to the rafters, was mystified when it saw no one on the screen who even faintly resembled their own Johnny Jones. The film ended and the local hero, bowing and waving, stepped from the wings

to be greeted by the shout: "Where were you in the picture?"

The young hopeful, his voice quavering with righteous indignation, replied: "Remember that marvelous scene where a hand reached through the window and took the bottle of poison off the table?"

Pausing long enough to let his words sink in, he drew himself up proudly, and added:

"Well, that was my hand!" Perhaps this Hollywood yarn doesn't have a shred of truth to it, but the fact remains that there are actors and actresses in the film col-



Some of Hollywood's Busiest Extras Never Show Their Faces in Film Dramas But Their Talented Hands Point Up Many a Scene Where the Right Gesture Says More Than Words.

You'd Never Guess It But These Feminine Hands Don't Belong to the Picture's Leading Character Actress. They're Stand-ins for Her Own.

ony who do nothing more than act with their digits. If a beautiful star hasn't equally beautiful hands, or if a young actor has to play the part of a very old man, movie directors call on so-called "hand extras" for the close-ups.

Every major studio keeps an elaborate card file of all the hands available—from soft chubby baby ones to ugly ones for villains and murderers.

One of the busiest of hand-extras is Lucille Brewster, whose beautiful tapering fingers fill in for many of the leading stars. Although they do say that Lucille is good looking enough to make the grade as a star, it is only her hands that find full employment in Hollywood.

These particular extras have to be onto all the tricks of acting with their hands. As directors well know, a gesture can say more sometimes than words, so such a stand-in gets plenty of expression into his or her movements.

These extras, who draw a little better pay than the ordinary run of such piece-workers, aren't the only ones selected for close-up shots. Ambitious girls with pretty legs often pinch hit for the beautiful-faced star who may have underpinnings that incline toward the piano type.

Before Cheryl Walker, for example, became a star, the Pasadena girl did nothing around the studio but lend her feet, which are small and dainty, for pleasing camera closeups. Whenever photographs of feet in action, such as the heroine running through a jungle, were wanted Cheryl put her best foot forward.



BLACKHEADS — no laughing matter!

If you are troubled with blackheads, chances are your present cleansing procedure is not thorough. Try this time tested way.

Spread on Pompeian Rolling Massage Cream. Then massage vigorously. Watch that clean-looking pink change to oily dirt-grey as it rolls off. You've removed the surface accumulation of oily dirt from pore orifices. Pompeian Rolling Massage Cream aids in the mechanical removal of blackheads and similar skin blemishes. Your skin becomes radiantly clean, it glows with life and color.

A Pompeian Massage costs so little—less than 2c a treatment, yet it can mean so much! See if it isn't just what your skin needs to keep it clean and fresh. At your favorite drug or department store.



POMPEIAN ROLLING MASSAGE CREAM

Special Offer All 4 Pkts. 10c

Climbing Tomato
Form a bushy plant in 100-150 ft. tall and delicious fruit. Grow from 2 to 3 lbs. per plant. At maturity it is a great source of food for the family.

Yard Long Beans
An excellent source of food and a very interesting curiosity. You can grow them in a permanent crop of 4 to 6 ft. long. They are a great source of food for the family.

Vine Peach
Will fruit in 80 days. Delicious, juicy, and a great source of food for the family. You can grow them in a permanent crop of 4 to 6 ft. long.

New Climbing Cucumber
Vines climb readily on fence poles or other support. They are a great source of food for the family. You can grow them in a permanent crop of 4 to 6 ft. long.

Lily's Album of Crocheted Designs—with over 40 suggestions illustrated and with full directions for making, shows the way to real crochet pleasure in useful accomplishment by making beautiful things.

CROCHET for more PLEASURE by making things you need and use

5 FREE LEAFLETS
Illustrated, with directions for making Dutch Caps, Fascinators, Baby Socks, Slippers and Scatter Bags. Sent with each purchase of Lily's New Design Book No. 120.

LILY MILLS COMPANY, DEPT. B4, SHELBY, NORTH CAROLINA

Gentlemen: Enclose 10c for which please send me your new booklet, LILY'S ALBUM OF CROCHET. I will SIGN: No. 120, and the 5 FREE Leaflets offered above.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

DO THIS FOR COLDS

Here's a chart of the BASIC STEPS which most physicians advise you to take when you catch a cold. Temporary relief measures are good, but these 5 steps help your system throw off the intruder. And lemons help with all 5.

5 BASIC STEPS advised by physicians	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1. Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Fresh lemon juice is one of the richest known sources of vitamin C, which combats fatigue. It is also a primary anti-infection vitamin.
2. Keep elimination regular.	Lemon and soda (lemon juice with water and baking soda) is mildly laxative for most people. Gives gentle, natural aid.
3. Alkalinize your system.	Lemon and soda forms sodium citrate, excellent to offset acid condition which often accompanies a cold.
4. Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Lemon drinks are favorites.
5. Keep warm; avoid further chill.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

If cold does not respond, see your doctor.

HOW TO USE LEMONS FOR COLDS Make Lemon and Soda

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 to 3 hours at home or at work. It untains. (And to induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.)

Then—continue with lemon and soda 3 to 4 times a day while cold lasts.

Lemon and soda forms natural sodium citrate. Gives vitamins and all benefits of fresh lemon juice plus needed alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To avoid colds build your resistance from the millions who now drink lemon and soda daily. Juice of 1 lemon in 8 glasses of water after first thing in morning.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—sugar—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming drink.

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS **California Sunkist Lemons**

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

**KEEP FRESH FOODS
FRESH LONGER!**



**Fine refrigeration
at moderate cost**

Leave it to Coolerator to ease your rationing worries! For Coolerator's 4 is a revolution of wisdom—keeps fresh food just as long as you want it, waste at a minimum. And that's not all! Vitamins are protected, food colors are carried away, and there's always plenty of pure, taste-free for salads and beverages! Full family size, and absolutely silent! See your Coolerator dealer or ice company, or write The Coolerator Company, Dept. AWL, Duluth, Minnesota. **7275**

Save with Coolerator and Buy War Bonds! Stamps

**Coolerator
WASHED AIR REFRIGERATOR**



Snow frozen, Squirt really gives you cool, Orchard-fresh, 21 percent, carbonated and sweetened just right! Try the **BIGGEST SELLING GRAPEFRUIT DRINK IN THE WORLD!** **5¢**

Burns

Never neglect a minor surface burn. The minute you get one, spread a liberal quantity of Sayman Salve on a clean cloth or piece of gauze and apply it gently over the entire affected area, as for a scald or burn. Leave the salve on as long as it will expedite healing. Apply this true old medicinal ointment before the burn becomes too deep, thereby avoiding the risk of infection and the possibility of a permanent scar. Two sizes—2¢ and 6¢.

SAYMAN SALVE

Amazing "Second Sight" Of The Andes Prophet



FEROCIOUS Ecuadorean Indians, armed with razor-sharp machete-knives, and grimly intent on murder, nearly wrote "finish" recently to the amazing career of John Wierlo, the self-styled prophet of the Andes, when

As the "Murderous Indians Were About to Plunge Their Long Knives Into the Defenseless Body of the "Prophet" There Was a Sudden Storm That Hurled Lightning Bolts All Around and the Terrified Natives Fled in Terror.

they ambushed the six-foot-four ascetic in the jungle. Just as the superstitious

Indians, who believed that the wandering gringo would hex them with black magic, were about to close in and hack the strange seer to death, a lightning bolt struck the ground in their midst.

The terrified savages, dropping their knives, ran for their very lives while the shaggy-haired, bearded-looking Wierlo, unshaken, quietly continued along his way, more convinced than ever that he is a miracle-performer as well as prophet.

Ever since the American-born Wierlo came to South America in 1940, and began leading a spartan life in the wild country of the Andes, he has become an almost-legendary figure.

J. M. Sheppard, well-known South American explorer, and Quito correspondent of The American Weekly, who recently interviewed the hulking oracle, reported that Wierlo has an amazing gift for prophecy.

He tells of the time Wierlo first arrived in South America in 1940 and, being asked if the United States would get into the war, said "yes," predicted the season as Winter and the cause, Oriental treachery. Everyone remembers December 7, 1941.

On another occasion, the gentle giant foretold disaster. A young American was to set out next day on a three-day journey over the mountains. Wierlo wished him godspeed but came around again at midnight, woke up the traveler and warned him not to take his trip. The man pooh-poohed the idea, set out on foot and now, eight months later, has not arrived.

Wierlo has gone right ahead with his forecasting. The European war front, so he says, will remain active until the Spring of 1945. Then Germany will be defeated.

War in the Far East, however, will continue until 1946 when the Japs will be licked.

American Weekly Patterns

PATTERN 3663—Contrast yoke and pocket. Sizes 12 to 20, 30 to 42. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 35-inch fabric and ½ yard contrast.



PATTERN 3662—Embroidered kiddie pinafore.

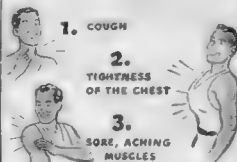
Due to customs restrictions

PATTERN 3553—For junior miss. Sizes 12 to 20. Size 16 requires 3 yards 39-inch fabric. **EACH PATTERN** together with a transfer pattern of charming motifs to embellish on linens and garments, **TWENTY CENTS.**

Print plainly **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.** Send your order to **AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT., 635 Sixth Avenue, New York 11, New York.** Canadian orders cannot be filled.

give that COLD "the Works!"

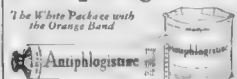
At the first symptoms of a chest cold—do this! Apply **ANTIPILOGISTINE** comfortably hot. **ANTIPILOGISTINE** goes right to work to relieve...



With an **ANTIPILOGISTINE** poultice you get "Moist Heat" right to the affected area. This ready-to-use medicated poultice maintains comforting "Moist Heat" for many hours. *Feels good—does good!*

Apply **ANTIPILOGISTINE** early for best results!

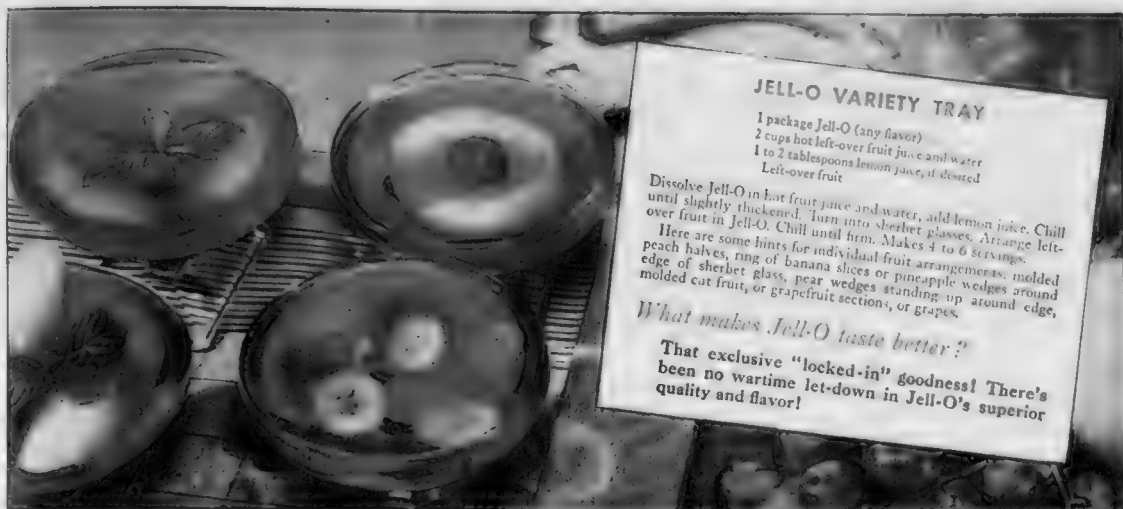
Antipilogistine



Rub your Absorbine Jr. in—
a little goes a long way

Suffering from "Cold Weather Joints"? Absorbine Jr. may really help you. Apply a few drops—rub it in! As your circulation increases, Nature releases certain lubricating fluids in the joints—they seem to limber up—feel "easy." Always keep a bottle of Absorbine Jr. handy. \$1.25 a bottle at all drugstores. W.F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

READ THE AMERICAN WEEKLY REGULARLY



JELL-O VARIETY TRAY

1 package Jell-O (any flavor)
2 cups hot left-over fruit juice and water
1 to 2 tablespoons lemon juice, if desired
Left-over fruit

Dissolve Jell-O in hot fruit juice and water, add lemon juice. Chill until slightly thickened. Turn into sherbet glasses. Arrange left-over fruit in Jell-O. Chill until firm. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Here are some hints for individual fruit arrangements: molded peach halves, ring of banana slices or pineapple wedges; molded edge of sherbet glass, pear wedges standing up around edge, molded cut fruit, or grapefruit sections, or grapes.

What makes Jell-O taste better?

That exclusive "locked-in" goodness! There's been no wartime let-down in Jell-O's superior quality and flavor!

"When you've got a little of this and a little of that..."

THEN IT'S TIME to sneak up on your family with a "left-overs day!" Work it right... and they'll never even know it!

"One of my favorite tricks when I have left-overs of several kinds of fruits is to serve a Jell-O Variety Tray. You know what fun it is to choose your dessert from the pastry tray in a restaurant. Well, your family will get the same kick from selecting these desserts—and you get your refrigerator emptied of dabs and bits of fruit in the easiest possible way.

When your meal is a bit on the skimpy side...

"Then luscious, made-with-milk Jell-O Puddings are a wonderful choice to combine with left-overs for delicious and satisfying desserts.

"Be sure to try the recipe for Jell-O Chocolate Toast Pudding... Another time, when you have some left-over stale gingerbread, line sherbet glasses with thin strips of it, and fill the glasses with Jell-O Vanilla Pudding. It's good!... And left-over cup

Says Kate Smith



cakes can be hollowed out and filled with Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding.

"Try these... and 'left-overs days' will be mighty popular at your house.

How to get your fair share

"I know how fast genuine Jell-O and Jell-O Puddings go off your grocer's shelves these days. They're so popular folks seem to be just lying in wait for 'em.

"Of course supplies aren't yet up to normal, because the makers of Jell-O and Jell-O Puddings have been limited by sugar rationing, just like everybody else. But they are trying to distribute the supply fairly, so there will be genuine Jell-O and Jell-O Puddings for everybody.

"Ask your grocer to save your fair share for you next time his supply comes in."

• Listen in to the new, hour-long Kate Smith show. Every Friday evening on the entire Columbia network. 8 P.M. EDT; 7 P.M. CWT; 6 P.M. MWT; 9 P.M. PWT.

JELL-O CHOCOLATE TOAST PUDDING

1 recipe Jell-O Chocolate Pudding
8 thin slices cinnamon toast, cut in triangles or squares

Prepare Jell-O Chocolate Pudding as directed on package, increasing milk to 2½ cups. Cool slightly. Arrange toast triangles crossing milk to 2½ cups. Cool slightly. Arrange toast triangles to cover bottom of casserole. Pour pudding over toast. Arrange a row of toast triangles around outer edge and in center of dish, partially inserting them into pudding. Makes 6 servings.

To make cinnamon toast, remove crusts from 8 thin slices stale bread. Toast both sides under broiler. Spread lightly with butter or margarine; then sprinkle with mixture of ¼ cup brown sugar and ¼ teaspoon cinnamon. Return to broiler until sugar is partly melted. Cut each slice into 4 triangles or tiny squares.

What makes Jell-O Puddings taste better?

Those richer, deeper, old-time flavors! Wartime has made no difference in the deliciousness of Jell-O Puddings.



JELL-O

STRAWBERRY
ORANGE
RASPBERRY
LEMON
CHERRY
LIME



CHOCOLATE
VANILLA
BUTTERSCHOTCH

JELL-O PUDDINGS

Be sure it's genuine Jell-O... look for the big red letters on the box.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL FOODS

"Just like grandma's... only more so!"



When you MEND AS YOU IRON
insist on the original, genuine

PRESS-ON* MENDING TAPE

It's the only mending tape that can be used on all types of fabrics. It's the only mending tape that can be used on all types of fabrics. It's the only mending tape that can be used on all types of fabrics.



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WORKBOOK OF APPLIQUE STYLES
To see up-to-date cut appliques,
patterns from Press-On*.
For complete details, 75 Victory Road,
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date Press-On, Inc., Dept. A14
New York, N.Y. 10018).

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MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of
Murine in each eye. Right away it
starts to cleanse and soothe. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically
blended ingredients quickly relieve the dis-
comfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle
Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.



Say Goodbye to that Corn!

How to get instant
relief from painful
pressure and
remove corns

Wouldn't you be happy if you could
say goodbye to that corn, walk without
pain again? Then stop home-paring!
Because "whittling" a corn shaves off
only the top, leaves the core behind!
Instead, do as thousands do: use medi-
cated Blue-Jay! It works 2 ways: the soft
felt, pad lifts off pressure, gives instant
relief. Then the Blue-Jay medication
softens, loosens the corn so it can be
easily removed, with the embedded core.
Get Blue-Jay at any drug counter and
try it today!



BAUER & BLACK • Diamond Products Company

Authorities often quote
The American Weekly.

A New Speed Champ of the UNIVERSE

A NEW super-speed
champ—a star that
rockets through the
sky at a rate of over a half
million miles per hour—has
been found by Dr. Frank K.
Edmondson of the University
of Indiana.

In a recent report of his
discovery to the American
Astronomical Society, the In-
dian astronomer said he calcu-
lated the velocity of the whiz-
zing star at 155 miles per
second.

This celestial speed de-
mon, one of the smaller stars
of the universe, according to
Edmondson's findings, is
moving away from the sun
at a dizzy pace.

How far the star, which the
Indiana astronomer observed
with the aid of a powerful
telescope and auxiliary in-
struments, will travel, or
where it will ultimately go,
no one knows.

In one day this speedster
clips off over 13,000,000 miles
which means that it could
completely travel around the
world approximately 530
times in a single 24-hour
period.

Phenomenal as this speed
may seem, it must be remem-
bered that this cannon-ball of
the skies is doing its fast
footwork in the Milky Way,
where everything is on the
move at a terrific pace.

Most stars, and there are
thousands of millions of them
within the luminous band of
the Milky Way, zoom along
at about 100 miles per sec-
ond—so the newly studied
speedster appears to be some-
thing of a champion.

Although the celestially
bodies rocket through the
heavens at breakneck speeds,
their movements, except with
the aid of powerful tele-
scopes, are not perceptible
from the earth. It takes them
many hundreds of years to
move as far as the width of
the moon.

Despite its speed, the new
star has plenty of room to
ramp around in. It is so far
away that scientists do not
even try to figure out the
number of miles it is from
the earth. To do so would be
like giving the distance from
New York to Los Angeles in
inches instead of miles.

To show us how far away
a star is, astronomers tell
how long it takes light to
come to us from the star—
and with light traveling at
about 186,000 miles a second,
it's a safe guess that it took
several hundred years for the
light from Edmondson's star
to reach the earth.

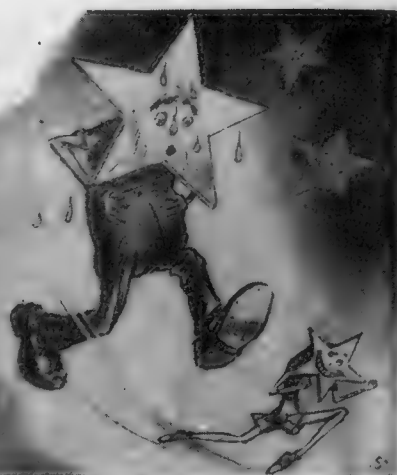
Astronomers roughly di-
vide stars into "dwarfs" and
"giants"—the dwarfs being
the dim stars, the giants
being the bright ones. The
new highballer of the sky-
ways is in the dwarf cate-
gory.

The new speed champ, in
the language of the scientists,
is of the spectral type "K,"
and as such is orange in
color.

Dr. Edmondson, who made
his discovery in the course of
an investigation of the mo-
tions of certain selected stars
fainter than the 10th mag-
nitude, believes that other "K"
stars have a wider speed
range than heretofore sup-
posed.

The New "Dwarf" Star
That Was Discovered by
the Sharp-Eyed Indiana
Scientist Is Winning Many
a Celestial Footrace with
the Giants of the Milky
Way by Traveling at a
Speed of 155 Miles
a Second.

In all astronomical history,
only about half a dozen stars
with known velocities exceed-
ing 155 miles per second have
been reported by the men
who study the heavens.



Big news for cake makers!

Amazing New SOFTASILK Speed METHOD
"breaks all rules" yet makes your cakes more delicious!

YOU DON'T BEAT THE EGGS!

YOU DON'T CREAM SHORTENING!

YOU USE ONLY ONE BOWL!

YOU'RE THROUGH MIXING IN 4 MINUTES!

**New Betty Crocker recipe for
NEW MAGIC SPICE CAKE**

Set out all ingredients well ahead to get
to room temperature. (Shortening should
be soft, not melted.) Pre-heat oven to
350°. Grease and flour two deep 9-in.
round layer cake pans (1½ in. deep). Sift
Softasilk before measuring. Measure all
ingredients before starting to mix.

Add

- 2½ cups sifted Softasilk
- 1 or 1½ or 1½ tsp. Baking powder
- ¾ tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¾ tsp. cloves
- ¾ tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup granulated sugar

NOTE: You may rest a moment if you mix by hand. Just count actual mixing time.

Add

- ¾ cup brown sugar (packed in cup)
- ¾ cup high grade vegetable shortening
- 1 cup buttermilk

Mix with electric mixer on slow to medium speed (or beat with spoon for 2 min. by clock. Scrape bowl frequently).

Add

- 3 large eggs, unbeaten

Continue mixing 2 more min. (scraping bowl frequently). Pour into prepared pans. Bake 30 to 35 min. in moderate oven (350°). Frost as desired.

***1 tsp. for double-strength type baking powder ("Clabber Girl," "Dixie," "Lalumet," "K.C.")**
***¾ tsp. for phosphate type ("Rumford," "Dr. Price's," etc.); 1½ tsp. for tartarate type ("Royal," etc.).**

• You have to try it to believe it!
The New Softasilk Method, developed
by the Betty Crocker staff, is not only the
speediest, easiest way of mixing cakes
you ever heard of—it's the surest way to...

Tastier, more delicious cakes! Cakes that
keep longer! Cakes that win you new praise!

"Only one caution!" says Betty
Crocker, "Don't try this New Softasilk
Method in any old recipe or with any
ordinary tough-gluten flour. It won't
work. You'll get tough cake. But not with
Softasilk."

It's the specially tender gluten in
Softasilk Cake Flour—gluten that just
can't toughen up in mixing—that makes
this new method possible.

Softasilk itself has not changed. It's the same
wonderful cake flour with the same baking
characteristics as always. Use it—as always
in your favorite old recipe. But do try these
exciting New Softasilk Method ones. There
are 6 with the Softasilk package. Get a pack-
age today.

*** GUARANTEE ***

Full Cost of Cake Refunded if a cake made
with the New Softasilk Method, using Softa-
silk flour, is not superior to any similar cake
made with any other recipe. Simply send a
letter stating the total cost of ingredients
used in the cake to General Mills, Inc.,
Minneapolis 15, Minnesota.

FREE! 6 more New Softasilk Method recipes with package.

**Betty Crocker
SOFTASILK
CAKE FLOUR**

COOKING INSTRUCTIONS: Pre-heat oven to 350°. Grease and flour two deep 9-in. round layer cake pans (1½ in. deep). Sift Softasilk before measuring. Measure all ingredients before starting to mix.

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"But they already have a statue in the public square!" protested Elsie

"MADAM," rumbled Elmer, the bull haughtily, "in this snow image of me, our daughter has created a work of Art! We owe it to posterity to have it preserved in marble and set in the Public Square. On the base we can put a little scroll telling of my achievements, and..."

"What's an achievement, mommy," interrupted little Beulah.

"An achievement, darling," answered Elsie, the Borden Cow, "is something you do that's exceptional. Like my pure, creamy *Borden's Milk*, for example. Giving milk good enough to pass all the strict tests those Borden scientists cook up is an achievement of which any cow can be proud."



Elmer wasn't listening. "Beulah must get her talent from my side of the family," he mused looking dreamily at the snow image of himself. "After all, my great Uncle Algernon was a painter."

"Yes, I remember—he painted fences," said Elsie slyly, "and besides, there's loads of talent in my family too. I don't like to boast, but just

think of the talent it takes to make that smooth, luscious *Borden's Ice Cream* that everyone's so crazy about. Why, that's not only a grand treat, it's a fine nutritious food as well."



"That's not what I was talking about," spluttered Elmer. "My family were all *real* artists. Take my Aunt Sophronia—her butterfly collection was the talk of the neighborhood."

"That's nothing," laughed Elsie, "my golden-crusted, creamy-centered *Borden's Liederkranz Cheese* is the talk of the world. Honestly



it's the one American-made cheese that's

famous the world over. And *Liederkranz* is but one of more than 20 *Borden's Fine Cheeses* each one of which is an artistic triumph on any table."

"How can you think about food when you could be looking at a masterpiece like this statue?" sulked Elmer. "Can't you see how Beulah has captured the very spirit of her father—clear-eyed, virile, dynamic, and..."

"Gracious," giggled Elsie. "You talk the way so many people feel after drinking *Borden's Hemo*. That's the new way to drink your vita-



mins and like 'em. It tastes like the most marvelous malted milk—only more so."

"Huh," snorted Elmer. "Forget about your precious *Hemo* for a minute and tell me seriously what you think of having Beulah's marvelous statue of me done in marble and placed in the Public Square."

"Darling, I think it's a marvelous idea," enthused Elsie, "providing you have Beulah make just one teeny weeny change."

"What kind of a change," demanded Elmer suspiciously.

"Well, I think you ought to be holding a can of *Borden's Evaporated Milk* in your right



hand. Then we'd have a statue worth looking at. *Borden's Evaporated Milk* is so digestible and rich in Vitamin D that doctors approve it for feeding tiny babies. And it's a simply wonderful way to add milk nourishment to savory soups, and fluffy mashed potatoes. What's more, in your left hand..."

"I get it," sighed Elmer. "Never mind, I know when I'm licked!"

Elsie says: "Let's get it over. Buy extra War Bonds this month."



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A New Drink!

Just add 1 tablespoon of Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses to a glass of cold or warm milk for delicious, French Brer Rabbit Milk Shake.



Rich in IRON

and makes children love to drink milk!

Even children who dislike plain milk enjoy this new drink! And Brer Rabbit Milk Shake is a delightful way to give them extra iron.

Brer Rabbit Molasses is second only to liver as a rich food source of iron the body can use.

Three tablespoons of Brer Rabbit Molasses will supply about one-third of a child's minimum daily iron requirements based on government standards.

TWO LABELS—GOLD LABEL— light & creamy, low in fat, light in color. Especially delicious on pancakes, waffles, bread and cereals, and for a deliciously flavored milk shake. Also French toast.



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If you "Tire Easily," have low resistance to colds and minor ills—due to lack of the Vital Elements—natural A & D Vitamins—try taking good-tasting Scott's Emulsion daily the year around! National survey shows many doctors recommend Scott's to help build up resistance, bring back energy and stamina! Buy Scott's Emulsion today—at all drugists!

IT'S GOOD-TASTING



Housewife's Food Almanack

"House-Husbands" Are Good Cooks

By WAYNE PARKER, Pasadena, California.

ARE you a good housewife? Better be! If you expect to hold that title, you must be a good cook.

There is a "way to a man's heart" through his stomach. But, in the past, it has been reversed. Instead, the defense boom.

Papa has to take his turn in the kitchen while Mama does her stuff with the riveting gun or the welding arc, and Papa better be good, too.

In war-busy Los Angeles, and other defense production centers, thousands of couples have worked out joint cooking and housekeeping arrangements so that both will have sufficient time to rest and enjoy the comforts of home, and still continue to make their vital contribution on the industrial front.

When the wife works the day shift, midnight to 6 a.m., and the husband works the night shift, the problem is easy. A simple division of domestic labor will allot the getting of dinner, dish washing and fixing the wife's lunch to the husband. The wife will do the heavy housework, shopping, dusting, making beds, etc., after she gets home in the morning. Since the husband is left for his own time, the wife gets home,

breakfast is then a solo affair.

Stew Expert

In these circumstances, the husband who sticks to steaks and chops for the heavy cooking is slighting the job. Both he and his wife will soon tire of the same old fare. And besides there's the ration question. Steaks and chops are high-point value cuts.

The wise husband will master the stew. It's his change of pace. Moreover, it is a man's dish, redolent of campfire and fishing trip. But women love it and it can be made from meats low in both point and cash values.

The trick of making a good stew is to use your imagination. Don't be a slave to the cookbook. Make the stew express your individualism, especially in the matter of seasoning. Toss in a dash of paprika, or sage, or anything on the seasoning shelf that strikes your fancy. Many of the world's most flavorful dishes originated when some inspired amateur put an idea and three or four ingredients together in something different. Put in some chili powder or dried peppers if you like your stews at all hot.

Beef Stew

A recipe for beef stew that is sure to fetch a smacking kiss from war-working wife when she gets up from her late afternoon sleep is: One

"House-Husband"
Unlike "Housewife" the term "House-Husband" isn't in the dictionary, although it should be. He's the lad who is helping his working wife with cooking these days.

Typical "House-Husband"

to 1½ pounds of lean meat in chunks, browned over hot fire with small piece of suet. Place in aluminum pan or deep heavy skillet with light smear of olive oil if suet doesn't give you enough shortening. Put in potatoes, carrots, onions, and other vegetables as desired, and one clove garlic. Add salt, pepper and other seasonings to suit. Pour in 1½ cups water and 8 ounces tomato puree. Cover, place over low fire, and go back to your pipe and newspaper. In an hour and a half—M-m-m! You've really got something.

Preparing the Roast

Roasts usually require longer and may be cooked the night before and they can be warmed up just before serving. Trim and rub roast briskly with clean moist cloth, and brown over hot fire. Salt and pepper to suit and add a little bayleaf and a handful of raisins or currants if it is lamb or mutton; if beef, a spray of parsley and a dried onion, quartered, will add to the flavor. Cover and let cook in its own juices over a slow fire, 35 minutes to the pound for beef, 30 minutes for lamb.

RICE-SPINACH CAKES FOR A NOVEL LUNCH

WHETHER you are saving your brown meat ration stamps for a weekend splurge or are low on the precious points, I urge you to try this favorite of mine," writes Mrs. Amelia Gardella of Staten Island, N.Y.

1 cup brown rice, well cooked
3 cups cooked, drained spinach
2 eggs, beaten slightly
1 cup grated Parmesan cheese
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
½ cup butter or less (or margarine)
Mix the rice and spinach in a bowl; add the eggs, cheese, salt and pepper, stirring to blend well. Drop heaping



tablespoonfuls of the mixture in hot butter in a heavy frying pan. Fry each side to a golden brown. "If preferred, the mixture may be placed in a shallow baking pan, baked in a moderate oven for one hour, then cut and served in squares. It may also be baked in the form of a cake ring and served in varying forms."

Instead of Spinach, Victory Gardeners May Soon Be Urging Youngsters to Eat Tomatoes, Greens Whose Seeds Have Been Imported From China for Growing in This Country.



PORK STEAK CASSEROLE

"I WOULD like to pass on a casserole dish which is really a meal in itself. For those people having only one or two ration books to depend on, it helps out a lot," writes Mrs. Jennie Cowles, of San Francisco, California.

"Shoe a layer of potatoes and onions and carrots in a casserole dish. Fry the meat and put it on for the next layer. Repeat with the potatoes, onions and carrots. Pour peas over the top and cover with a gravy made from the meat drippings. Bake in a medium oven about one hour or until the potatoes are done. It is easier if the carrots are parboiled as they will cook quickly this way. Pork sausage may be substituted for the pork steak."

Mrs. Cowles, many people today are faced with the problem of preparing tasty, nourishing meals with a minimum of ration points since their sons and husbands are in the service. Your "pork steak casserole" will help them solve their problems.—Mary Lee Swann.

The Venerable Institution of Leo Bax Raiding for a Teen Meal Snack Or a Late Evening Nibble Has Finally Been Given a Name. It Is Called "Guffink," a Term Said to Have Originated in the Mid-West.



GREEN PEAS

"THIS is a very, very old recipe that I'm sure your whole family will approve of," writes Mrs. J. J. Newkirk of Amherst, N.Y. "Shell and wash peas and put them on to boil. Add 1 tablespoon of sugar and 1 tablespoon of melted butter. When nearly done, add salt, pepper and butter to taste. Have plenty of water on the peas and about ten minutes before serving add the sponge balls which are made like this:

"Put on to boil 1 cup of milk and ½ teaspoon of salt. When this has come to a boil, stir in 1 cup of sifted flour. Stir until smooth, remove from fire and beat in one tablespoon of butter. Cool and add two eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition until thoroughly smooth. Drop by teaspoonfuls in the boiling peas, cover and cook the same as dumplings."

"To cook, we shall add your recipe to our file of believe-it-or-not recipes, because it is such an interesting variation of the Cream Puff dumpling. We served the peas and dumplings piping hot and every one of them after eating, housekeepers who sampled them for us pronounced them delicious." The finished dumplings were very light and tender and of delicious flavor.—Mary Lee Swann.



CONVOY SUPREME

"BEING a Chief Steward on Merchant Marine vessels, naturally I am always on the lookout for new ideas in cookery," writes John Jettie of the U. S. Merchant Marine. "These days I'm not home very much and we on the ships have to make things we have on hand for any occasion, thus we create many new dishes. The Almanack comes in handy, too. Whenever it's possible for me to get a copy, I always clip out the recipes."

"Here are the directions for making a sandwich I call 'Convoy Supreme.' Fry a slice of liver and 3 slices of bacon Chop together in a mixing bowl with 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 medium-sized green pepper and 1 onion. Season to taste and serve hot on toast or on white or rye bread. No butter is necessary, but mayonnaise may be added if desired. I made these sandwiches for the ship's crew one night for a late supper, and they really went over big."

"If you're sure that your delicious sandwich will soon be found on many 'snack trays' in American homes. It is easily and quickly prepared and extremely nourishing.—Mary Lee Swann.)

CHEESE SALAD FOR A SUPPER TREAT

"HERE'S a delicious in one can of crushed pineapple and one cup of dry cottage cheese which has been easy to make and delightful to taste," writes Mrs. William Felsberg of Corning, Arkansas. "Prepare as follows:

"Dissolve one package of orange flavored gelatin in one cup of boiling water, allow to cool and when half jelled fold

HAVE YOU A \$10 PRIZE WINNING RECIPE?
If so, it belongs right here on this page. Send in your original recipes today. Perhaps one or more will win \$10 in cash or War Savings Stamps if selected by the judges. No recipe can be returned. Address: THE AMERICAN WEEKLY HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK, BOX 191, GRAND CENTRAL ANNEX, NEW YORK CITY.



Got to make the old stuff do?
'Cause they aren't making new?
Want to grumble and stew?



WELL, LAUGH IT OFF WITH
LIPTON'S!



BOY OH BOY! FOLKS SAY I'M A FINEER TEA!
IT'S MY MARVELOUS, SLOW-RIPENED
FLAVOR THEY LIKE! I'M RICHER, I'M
MELLOW, I'M BETTER-TASTING!
THAT'S WHY MORE PEOPLE DRINK
LIPTON TEA THAN ANY OTHER BRAND!

Are you tired of one sauce for every kind...

of dish? Each Derby Sauce has its

own distinctive, tangy flavor to

"perk up" the

goodness of

everything

you cook!

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unrationed, and

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very little! Ask for

Free "Wartime

Recipe"

booklet!

Derby
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First aid for clever cooks

UGLY SKIN
ITCHING EXTERNALLY CAUSED

The mighty itching misery of many pimples, black-heads, rather externally caused, and eczema is relieved on contact by Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Ointment the first time used. Then simply use as Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Ointment. It is time-tried and tested. Insist on the genuine Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Ointment. 25c at drug counters or sent postpaid from E. T. Brown Drug Co., 129 Water Street, New York City. (To complete complexion beauty try Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Soap—effectively medicated—25c.)

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A POCKET MEMORY SYSTEM
Perforated Copiers—each memo separate—insert one when needed in bottle available everywhere. For more info \$1.00 to \$1.50.

ROBINSON REMINDERS
Westfield, Mass.



HOUSEHOLD RACKS
SAVE SPACE

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

FOLLOWING the holidays with their gifts and acquisitions, it is a common experience to feel that the house is "simply stuffed" and no place to stow another thing. Worse, the overloaded

shelves begin to slide and tumble, and seeking for a wanted article, especially in a hurry, may invite a disastrous avalanche onto the floor.

Racks for household uses take many forms; but every rack aims to keep its particular items in order, clean, visible, and where they can be picked up most easily and quickly. What the business file does for office efficiency, the household rack does for the home.

In a small home or apartment, magazines seem to multiply with mushroom rapidity, and yet when one wishes to locate a special periodical, it cannot be found. A neat, easily installed and out-of-sight rack for magazines on any door is a solution! Finished in Ivory, about 24 inches by 40, it can be put up in a jiffy with a couple of screws. Every magazine will be visible at the fingertips.

If the bedroom space is becoming restricted, consider the luggage rack, the shoe rack, the valet stand or rack, to mention only a few. Hostesses who complain of guests who slam heavy suitcases on their bedspreads should install the neat folding luggage rack which cries out "suitcase goes here," and thus save bed and furniture wear. These racks simplify all luggage packing by holding baggage steady and at the least back-breaking height, and fold out of sight when not needed.

"Valet" Rack.

The valet rack was formerly an item for "men only," and saved a husband's time and temper in the morning rush by having all his garments handy to put on without any lost motion. Still excellent for the man's suit, this clothing rack has also become justly popular with women in uniform, or any woman who prides herself on being neat as a pin.

The shoe rack has been mentioned time and again; but there are all types; the newest are made of light wood, hold from 6 to 9 pairs, and are installed with ease on all doors. The place for that precious pair of shoes is off the dusty closet floor where they might be trampled on. Shoes held on racks get better ventilated, too.

Bathroom Racks.

The bathroom space can be enlarged, too, by utilizing waste ceiling or wall space with special drying racks. A specially neat wall model lowers a descending series of thin bars so that hand-towel washings can be dried out of sight, back of the shower curtain. A larger floor model, also of wood, can be used for bath towels, baby washing or drying woolly mittens, scarfs, or socks. Useful when wanted, these racks fold to splinter thickness and may be tucked into a closet, like the bridge table. They are good-looking enough to leave permanently, however.

A wall rack or holder for the electric iron is a real innovation! This consists of a metal bracket shaped like the iron itself, which may be screwed to the wall near the outlet where the worker plugs in. The base of this rack is clear glass marbles which insulate the heated iron without scratching.

Timely Menus

MONDAY
Breakfast
Carrot
Juice,
Cereal,
Raisin Muffins,
Jam,
Milk or Coffee.

Luncheon
Cheese Souffle,
Soy Bean
Muffins,
Berry Tart,
Tea.

Dinner
Cranberry Juice,
Baked Potatoes,
Beefsteak,
Spinach,
Pineapple
Pie,
Coffee.

WEDNESDAY
Breakfast
Orange
Juice,
Sausage,
Buckwheat
Cakes,
Syrup,
Coffee.

Luncheon
Macaroni
and Cheese,
Carrot Salad,
Jellied Stuffed
Pumpkin,
Tea.

Dinner
Consomme,
Roast Chicken,
Oyster Stuffed,
Celery,
Asparagus,
Hot Melon,
Pudding,
Coffee.

FRIDAY
Breakfast
Prune
Juice,
Wheat
Grain Cereal,
Codfish
Balls,
Toast,
Coffee.

Luncheon
Toasted
Cheese
Sandwich,
Green Salad,
Tea.

Dinner
Fish
Chowder,
Crackers,
Carrot Salad,
Corn Sticks,
Queen of
Puddings.

SUNDAY
Breakfast
Orange
Juice,
Cereal,
Raisin Muffins,
Bacon,
Milk or Coffee.
Dinner
Fried
Chicken,
Creole Rice,
Wax Beans,

TUESDAY
Breakfast
Grapefruit,
Cereal,
French
Toast,
Maple
Syrup,
Coffee.

Luncheon
Bean Soup,
Corn Bread,
Green Salad,
Fruit Compote.

Dinner
Baked Fish,
Boiled
Potatoes,
Peas,
Cauliflower,
Slaw,
Apple Crisp.

THURSDAY
Breakfast
Grapefruit,
Cereal,
Parsley
Omelet,
Muffins,
Syrup,
Coffee.

Luncheon
Cream of
Corn Soup,
Apple and
Date Salad,
Crisp Ryere
Crackers,
Tea.

Dinner
Cranberry Juice,
Ham and Potato
Casserole,
Celery,
Tomato
Jelly Salad,
Vinegar Pie,
Coffee.

SATURDAY
Breakfast
Baked
Apples,
Sausage,
Popovers,
Coffee.

Luncheon
Baked
Beans,
Celery and
Apple
Salad,
Brown
Bread,
Cakes.

Dinner
Soup,
Spiced Tongue,
Baked
Potatoes,
Hot Slaw,
Strudel,
Coffee.

ADVERTISEMENT

TRY-WORTHY

**Oven
Dinner**



by

Betty Crocker

Braised Lamb Shanks
Baked Squash
Salad Greens, French Dressing
Hard-Crusted Rolls or
Corn Sticks
Home-made Jelly or Jam
Bisquick Apple Cobbler
Coffee

● **BRAISED LAMB SHANKS**—wizdardy with low-point meat.
Brown 4 Lamb Shanks
(2 lbs. with bones)

In 4 tbs. Fat
Add 1 tsp. Salt
1/4 tsp. Pepper
2 cups Water

Simmer, covered, 1 1/2 hr. Or bake
1 1/2 hr. in mod. oven (350°). Add 1 cup
each cut-up carrots and potatoes;
1/2 cup each cut-up celery and onion.
Continue cooking until tender (30
min. to 1 hr.). Thicken juice before
serving. Four servings say my staff.

● **JUST ADD CREAM** to Bisquick
for your cobbler crust. See pack-
age. Hearty, fill 'em-up dessert
with old-time goodness. Easy,
thanks to Bisquick.

● **SHORTENING** in Bisquick!
Vegetable shortening. Also baking
powder, enriched flour, salt, sugar,
powdered milk. Six ingredients!
Just add milk for biscuits.

● **SPEAKING OF TOMATOES**:
Add finely chopped green pepper,
minced onion, and dash of sugar,
to either scalloped or stewed tomatoes.

● **QUICK TRICKS**: Muffins,
pancakes, dumplings,
etc., made with Bisquick. See
package for simple what-to-do's.
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gredients, so expertly blended.

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STRETCH OTHER FOODS

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FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY



For the Fine Cheese Cake Recipe Printed Below, Ship's Cook, 3/c, Clarence Adams, St. Louis, Missouri, Was Presented with a Ten Dollar Check and a "Certificate of Culinary Merit" by Miss Jacqueline Waite of the Housewife's Food Almanack.

SEA-GOIN' CHEESE CAKE FOR LANDLUBBERS

"SEA Goin' Cheese Cake!" this fine dessert is as follows: 2 pounds cottage cheese (drained) 6 whole eggs, one at a time, to the drained cottage cheese, mixing thoroughly each time. Mix sugar and flour together and add to the first mixture. Fold in fresh cream and vanilla. Pour into spring bottom baking pan. Bake at 350 degrees for forty-five minutes. Remove from pan when cool and frost with your favorite icing.

It can now be revealed that the secret ingredient of "Sea-Goin' Cheese Cake" is dry cottage cheese. The recipe for

WAR WORKERS' SPECIAL SANDWICH SNACK

"I AM one of the thousands of housewives who must fix lunch for my husband to carry to work with him each day," writes Mrs. George Stauffacher, College Park, Georgia. "Since sandwiches are his favorite lunchbox food, sandwich he wants every day."

"I mix a quantity of this spread at a time and keep it in the refrigerator to be used ad lib.
1 cup jelly—any kind
1 cup peanut butter
1/2 cup raisins
1/2 cup chopped nuts when desired to vary.
Thoroughly mix the jelly and peanut butter. Add the



raisins. Add the nuts when desired.

"Spread a generous quantity on the bread. This makes a most delicious and nutritious sandwich."

(Mrs. Stauffacher, many of our readers will bless your name for suggesting this easy and nutritious sandwich filling for war time lunch boxes.—Mary Lee Swann.)

CERTIFICATE WINNER

Dear Almanack:
Many thanks for the Certificate of Culinary Merit, which has been awarded me.

I was quite thrilled to have been honored with it, and will hang it in my kitchen, so I can see it every day, as it is there that I spend most of my time.

Mrs. Phil A. Breitengross,
Decatur, Illinois.

ALMANACK HINTS

For each original hint printed the Almanack will pay one dollar. Send yours in today.

MOLASSES

"When using molasses and it is not dark as desired for ginger bread or cookies, add a tablespoon of melted chocolate. This also improves the flavor," writes Amy E. Swindle, Tucson, Ariz.

BRUSH

"Use a bottle brush around radiators and pipes when dust-mopping or cleaning floors to save broken nails and lost temper," writes Mrs. F. C. Stein, Watertown, N. Y.

SOAP

"In times like these when so many household necessities become critical war materials, there are numbers of ways that we can save at home," writes Mrs. C. W. McFarland of Marietta, Georgia. "Small



as it may seem, we should remember that car bit multiplied by millions of other housewives amount to important figures.

"At home we never waste a crumb of soap. When a bar wears down to a sliver that slips from the hand like an eel, we dump it into a glass jar with other chips and pour hot water into it. When we are ready to wash dishes, we have a mass of soft soap that lathers readily, though not harsh and irritating as the 'home made soap' our grandmothers used to make."

VEGETABLE RECIPES

MAKE sure your family stays healthy during the Winter months! Try the delicious dishes suggested in the Almanack Chart, "20 Delicious Vegetable Recipes." There are plenty of vitamins in "Butter Fried Shredded Carrots"; tasty "Baked Egg Plant and Potatoes" will please your family, and "Pot Roasted String Beans," "Tomato Fritters," and "Scalloped Onions and Celery" will make a place for themselves on the list of your favorite vegetable dishes.

You will also find recipes for inexpensive, easy to prepare Party Creamed Potatoes, "Tomatoes Stuffed with Chestnuts," "Spanish Ensemble," and many other nourishing vegetable dishes with plenty of "taste appeal" in the "20 Delicious Vegetable Recipes Chart."

To obtain your copy, send a three cent stamp to—

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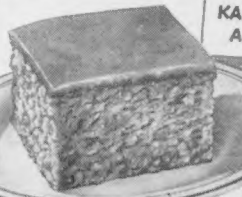
Be a Better Cook—serve Square Meals,
too—in spite of Rationin'

"Folks, do you want more compliments than ever for your grand cookin'? Just you set this tasty, satisfyin' dinner before your family an' see how they relish this tasty Layered Meat Loaf! It's a meat-stretcher, too. The Karmel Glaze Apple Cake is different an' easy! This dinner'll show you what Spry an' Spry receipts can do to help you out!"

"Spry goes mighty easy on ration points. An' it gives all your bakin' an' fryin' a real lift. . . . Chance to Spry to get lighter, grand tastin' cakes. . . . flaky, tender pie crust to do you proud! Yes, Siree—cookin' the Spry way gives sure-fire results an' makes you a better cook!"

"Count on purer Spry for fryin' foods crispy-brown without unpleasant smoke an' smell. An' remember—foods fried the Spry way are so digestible even the children can eat 'em!"

TOP IT OFF WITH
KARMEI GLAZE
APPLE CAKE



DESSERTS

1/2 cup Spry
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon allspice
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1 1/2 cups sugar
2 eggs, unbeaten
2 cups apples, finely chopped
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon soda
2 cups sifted flour
1/2 cup water

Blend Spry, salt and spices. Add sugar gradually and cream well. Add eggs, singly, beating well after each addition. . . . Add apples, and mix well. . . . Add baking powder and soda with flour 3 times. Add flour to creamed mixture, alter-

Try this oven-baked DINNER PLATE SPECIAL Layered Meat Loaf

1 1/2 lbs. Hamburger serves 8!
1 1/2 pounds hamburger 1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs
1/2 cup onion, minced
2 teaspoons salt 1/2 cup water
1 teaspoon paprika 2 tablespoons catchup
1/2 teaspoon mustard 2 tablespoons water
Combine hamburger, onion, salt, paprika and mustard. . . . Combine bread crumbs and 1/2 cup water and mix thoroughly. Add to meat mixture. . . . Pack 1 1/2 of meat into 10 1/2 x 5 1/2-inch sprayed loaf pan. . . . Place Savory Topping on meat in pan and cover with remaining meat mixture. . . . Combine catchup and 2 tablespoons water and spread over top of loaf. . . . Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 1 hour. . . . Serves 8.

Savory Stuffing

8 slices day-old bread, crumbled (about 4 cups)
1/2 cup onion, minced
1/2 cup water (about) 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon sage
Combine crumbled bread and water and mix thoroughly. . . . Melt Spry, add onion, and cook until slightly browned. Combine with bread. . . . Add salt, pepper and sage.

Tender-Skin Baked Potatoes

Just rub the skins with Spry before you bake. . . . Makes 'em so tender and good-tasting! Bake across squash in the oven at the same time.

Karmel Glaze Apple Cake

nately with water, mixing after each addition until smooth. . . . Bake in Sprycoated 10 x 10 x 2-inch pan in moderate oven (350° F.) 35 to 45 minutes. . . . Spread Karmel Glaze Topping on top of warm cake.

Karmel Glaze Topping

2 tablespoons Spry
1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
2 tablespoons cream
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon corn syrup

Combine Spry, brown sugar, cream, salt, and corn syrup in saucepan and bring to a rolling boil. . . . Remove from fire and cool. . . . Pour on warm cake and spread evenly.

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